National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, EDITOR. Without Concealment....Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } CORRESPONDING EDITORS.

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Selections.

John Smith the Fugitive Slave.

I AM not much of a politician, but it is my impression that the fugitive slave law, which is absorbing so much of the public attention, was sired by a Virginian senator.* It also occurs to me, that Virginia was the first State to threaten secession from the Union if that law was repealed or modified. These circumstances lend interest to a fact connected with the early history of the Old Dominion which I have not seen noticed by any journal, and which I presume, therefore, cannot be much known. I allude to the fact, that Virginia *was colonized by a fugitive slave*. Captain John Smith, the founder of the Jamestown colony, whose name and adventures are familiar to every American school-boy; whom Bancroft characterizes as "the Father of Virginia, the "true leader who first planted the Saxon race with- "in the border of the United States," was not only a fugitive slave, but he killed his master to recover his freedom. All the biographies of Captain Smith mention his captivity in Turkey, and the means to which he resorted to escape from it; but there is so much quaintness in the original narrative of his adventures, that I have taken the trouble to transcribe, from a "Copy of Captain Smith's Adventures," published in London in 1629,† the passages which describe his mode of appeal to the "higher law," and the circumstances which compelled him to take that appeal.

I may premise, however, that long before Smith's expedition to America, and while holding prominent military rank in the service of Sigismund, of Austria, who was conducting a war at the time with the Turks and Tartars, Smith was made a prisoner. The chronicler concludes a description of a sanguinary engagement, which led to this catastrophe, as follows:

"Only Ensigne Carleton and Sergeant Robinson escaped, but Smith, among the slaughtered dead bodies, and many a grasping soule, with toile and wounds, lay groaning among the rest, till being found by the pillagers, hee was able to live, and perceiving by his armor and habit, his ransome might be better to them than his death, they led him prisoner with many others; well they used him till his wounds were cured, and at Axopolis they were all sold for slaves, like beasts in a market place, where everie merchant, viewing their limbs and wounds, caused other slaves to struggles with them, to trie their strength, hee fell to the share of Bashaw Bogall, who sent him forthwith to Constantinople, to his faire mistresse for a slave. By twentie and twentie, chained by the neckes, they were marched in file to this great citie, where they were delivered to their several masters, and he to the young Charatza Tragabigzanda."

Captain Smith was so fortunate as to win the favor of the susceptible Charatza, who, to protect him from farther danger, sent him into the interior several hundred miles, to be in charge of a relative, by the name of Tymor, by whom, according to his story, he was very badly used.

In the succeeding chapters the historian gives us an account of his servitude, and finally of his escape, which I transcribe:

"All the hope he had ever to be delivered from this thraldome, was only the love of Tragabigzanda, who surely was ignorant of his bad usage; for, although he had often debated the matter with some Christians, that had beene there a long time slaves, they could not finde how to make an escape, by any reason or possibility; but God, beyond man's expectation or imagination, helpeth his servants when they leaste thinke of helpe, as it happened to him. So long he lived in this miserable estate, as he became a thresher at a grange in a great field, more than a league from Tymor's house; the Bashaw, as he oft used to visit his granges, visited him, and tooke occasion so to beat, spurne and revile him, that forgetting all reason, he beat out the Tymor's braines with his treshing bat, for they have flailes; and seeing his estate could be no worse than it was, clothed himself in his clothes, hid his body under the straw, filled his knap-sacke with corne, shut the doores, mounted his horse, and roade into the desert at all adventure; two or three dayes thus fearfully wandering he knew not whither, and well it was he met not any to aske the way; being even as taking leave of this miserable world. God did direct him to the great way, or Castragan, as they call it, which doth crosse these large territories, and generally knowne among them by these marks:

"In every crossing of this great way is planted a post, and in it so many bobs with broad ends, as there be wayes, and every bob the figure pointed on it, that demonstrateth to what part that way leadeth, as that which pointeth towards the Cryms Country, is marked with a half moone; it towards the Georgians and Persia, a black man, full of white spots; if towards China, the picture of the Sunne; if towards Muscovia, the signe of a Crosse; it towards the habitation of any other Prince, the figure whereby his standard is knowne.

"To his dying spirits thus God added some comfort in this melancholy journey, wherein if he had met any of that wilde generation, they had made him their slave, or knowing the figure engraven in the iron about his neck (as all slaves have), he had beene sent backe againe to his master; sixteene dayes he travelled in this feare and torment, after the Crosse, till he arrived at Æcopolis, upon the river Don, a garrison of the Muscovites. The governour, after due examination of those his hard events, tooke off his irons, and so kindly used him, he thought himselfe new risen from death, and the good Lady Callamanta largely supplied all his wants."

It is rather a singular coincidence that the Old Dominion, which boasts of having already furnished the country with six Presidents, should be so intolerant now towards a class to which she owes her political precedence among the American colonies, and the controlling influence which, for a long time, this circumstance enabled her to exert among the American States. You will observe that Capt. Smith's case comes precisely within the operation of the Fugitive law. He was a prisoner of war and therefore a captive, by the law of nations. By the law of Virginia, at this very time, and to a much later period, the soldiers were guarantied "*the benefit of the* "*captives*, and all lawful plunder, and the reward of "eight pounds per head, for every fighting Indian "slain by them, over and above their stated wages." By the "benefit of captives," in this connection, is meant the privilege of selling them into Slavery‡. In the next place, Capt. Smith was sold by the authority of the government, in open market, according to the laws of the country, and went into the possession of a *bona fide* purchaser, for a valuable consideration, who had, from that time forth, as good a title to his service and obedience, as can be exhibited for any slave between the Ohio river and the Gulf of Mexico.

In the killing his master and running away, Capt. Smith violated several laws of the country in which he was living; first, the law which authorized him to be sold, second, that which guaranteed his service and obedience to the purchaser, and, third, the law against murder. He appealed to a higher law and made his escape, and ultimately found refuge in the wilds of Virginia, where he laid the foundations of her subsequent wealth and greatness. Now then these facts suggest to my mind one or two questions.

First. If the family of the Bashaw, whom Capt. Smith murdered, were to apply to Virginia for the value of the fugitive slave—you know the statute of limitations does not run in the United States against this species of property in its fugacious state—would the State respond?

Second. If another Capt. John Smith were to become a prisoner of war in Turkey, be sold into Slavery, kill his master, seeks a refuge in Jamestown, and subsequently be "claimed" as a fugitive slave, would the people of the Old Dominion feel themselves morally bound to deliver him up to his owners, "for their use, benefit and behoof for ever"?

In connection with and as a suggestive commentary upon the case of Captain Smith, I enclose to you a curious document which was first published in this country by Doctor Franklin, in the *Federal Gazette*, of Philadelphia, sometime in March, 1790. In a prefatory communication to the editor, Dr. Franklin states that it was a reply made by Sidi Mehemet Ibrahim, a member of the Divan of Algiers, to the petition of the sect called *Erika*, or Priests, who prayed for the abolition of Slavery or piracy. "It may be seen," the Doctor adds, in "Martin's account of his consulship, Anno 1687." A full account of this book, which is exceedingly rare, and of its author, who was a man of considerable distinction in his day, may be found in Mr. Spark's edition of the life and writings of Franklin. The African's speech, as translated, is as follows:

"ALLAH BISMILLAH, &c.—God is great, and Mahomed is his Prophet.

"Have these Erika considered the consequences of granting their petitions? If we cease our cruises against the Christians, how shall we be furnished with the commodities their countries produce, and which are so necessary for us? If we forbear to make slaves of their people, who in this hot climate are to cultivate our lands? Who are to perform the common labors of our city, and in our families? Must we not then be our own slaves? And is there not more compassion and more favor due to us as Musselmen, than to these Christian dogs? We have now above fifty thousand slaves in and near Algiers. This number, if not kept up by fresh supplies, will soon diminish, and be gradually annihilated.

"If we then cease taking, and plundering the infidel ships, and making slaves of the seamen and passengers, our lands will become of no value for want of cultivation; the rents of houses in the city will sink one half; and the revenue of government arising from its share of prizes be totally destroyed. And for what! To gratify the whims of a whimsical sect, who would have us, not only forbear making more slaves, but even manumit those we have.

"But who is to indemnify their masters for the loss? Will the state do it? Is our treasury sufficient? Will the Erika do it? Can they do it? or would they, to do what they think justice to the slaves, do a greater injustice to the owners? And if we set our slaves free, what is to be done with them? Few of them will return to their countries; they know too well the greater hardships they must there be subject to; they will not embrace our holy religion; they will not adopt our manners; our people will not pollute themselves by intermarrying with them. Must we maintain them as beggars in our streets, or suffer our properties to be the prey of their pillage? Few men accustomed to Slavery will not work for a livelihood when not compelled. And what is there so pitiable in their present condition? Were they not slaves in their own country?

"Are not Spain, Portugal, France, and the Italian States, governed by despots, who hold all their subjects in Slavery, without exception? Even England treats its sailors as slaves; for they are, whenever the government pleases, seized and confined in ships of war, condemned not only to work, but to fight, for small wages, or a mere subsistence, not better than our slaves are allowed by us. Is their condition, then, made worse by their falling into our hands? No: they have only exchanged one Slavery for another, and I may say a better: for here they are brought into a land where the sun of Islamism gives forth its light, and shines in full splendor, as they have an opportunity of making themselves acquainted with the true doctrines, and thereby saving their immortal souls. Those who remain at home have not that happiness. Sending the slaves home, then, would be sending them out of light into darkness.

"I repeat the question, what is to be done with them? I have heard it suggested, that they may be planted in the wilderness, where there is plenty of land for them to subsist on, and where they may flourish as a free State; but they are, I doubt, too little disposed to labor without compulsion, as well as too ignorant to establish a good government; and the wild Arabs would soon molest or destroy them, or again enslave them. While serving us, we take care to provide them with everything, and they are treated with humanity.

"The laborers in their own country are, as I am well informed, worse fed, lodged, and clothed. The condition of most of them is, therefore, mended, and requires no further improvement. Here their lives are in safety. They are not liable to be impressed for soldiers, and forced to cut one another's Christian throats, as in the wars of their own countries. If some of the religious-mad bigots, who now tease us with their silly petitions, have, in a fit of blind zeal, freed their slaves, it was not generosity, it was not humanity, that moved them to the action; it was from the conscious burthen of a load of sins, and a hope, from the supposed merits of so good a work, to be excused from damnation.

"How grossly are they mistaken, to suppose Slavery to be disallowed by the Alcoran. Are not the two precepts, to quote no more, '*Masters, treat your slaves with kindness*,' '*Slaves, serve your masters with cheerfulness and fidelity*,' clear proofs to the contrary? Nor can the plundering of infidels be in that sacred book forbidden, since it is well known from it, that God has given the world, and all that it contains, to his faithful Musselmen, who are to enjoy it of right as fast as they conquer it.

"Let us then hear no more of this detestable proposition, the manumission of Christian slaves, the adoption of which would, by depreciating our lands and houses, and thereby depriving so many good citizens, of their properties, create universal discontent, and provoke insurrections, to the endangering of government and producing general confusion. I have therefore no doubt, but this wise council will prefer the comfort and happiness of a whole nature of true believers to the whim of a few Erika: and dismiss their petition."

"The result was, as Martin tells us," adds Dr. Franklin, "that the Divan came to this resolution: "'The doctrine, that plundering and enslaving the "Christians is unjust, is at best problematical, but "that it is the interest of this State to continue the "practice is clear, therefore, let the petition be re- "jected.'

"And it was rejected accordingly."—'*Friar Lubin' in the Evening Post.*

From The New York Tribune.

THE HISTORY OF SHADRACH,

AND HOW HE WAS DELIVERED OUT OF THE HANDS OF THE KIDNAPPERS.

1. Now it came to pass in the latter days that Daniel was King over all the Children of Jonathan, which had waxed many and fat in the land. And by reasons which the prophet detaileth not, Daniel's head was turned, and he went after strange gods, and his strength was turned into foolishness; for the strange gods, which be no gods, had turned away his heart from serving the Lord, persuading him that there was no Higher law, but great men might do what seemed them best.

2. At that time there were many of the sons of men whom the Southernites had stolen, and made slaves of them, hurting their feet with fetters and setting them to sore bondage. Yea, there were three times a thousand thousand thereof.

3. Divers of them had escaped from the hands of the oppressor, even as the Children of Israel had fled out of the land of bondage; and they went unto the Northernites, who reverenced the word of the Lord and hid the outcast, letting him dwell where it liked him best and eat his morsel in peace.

4. But this escaping of the Fugitives was a sore thing unto the Southernites, for with them such be reckoned but as cattle and beasts that perish; and the Lord God is esteemed only as a dumb idol. It grieved also the heart of Daniel.

5. And he said, reasoning with himself, but not aright, Go to, now; I will get to myself great honor by betraying the outcast into the hands of such as seek his life; yea, I will cause the eyes of the needy to fail; then I shall get me much silver and gold: yea, and Texas scrip also in great store.

6. So he called together the magicians, and the astrologers, and the soothsayers, and the sorcerers, and all the Philistines who had taken the Ark of the Constitution out of the hands of the LORD's people, them and everything that loveth and maketh a lie. And they gathered together in the great city of Jonathan, whither the tribes go up to the great Sanhedrim.

7. Then they made a decree, and sent it forth unto all the tribes, unto the Governors, and the Princes, and the Judges, and the Marshals, and the Commissioners, and the Deputies, and the Bailiffs, and the Tithing-men, saying:

8. O, ye children of Jonathan! ye shall assuredly catch every poor man that ye will, and deliver him up to such as shall claim him, and he shall be their slave. Ye shall make haste to do so. Let all people obey the decree, as they desire money.

9. Moreover, Daniel appointed him Scribes and a Satrap in every tribe, to execute the decree, to bewray the wanderers, to sell the needy for a pair of shoes, and to cast down such of the LORD's people as were ready to perish.

10. Then, Daniel was glad and rejoiced, and comforted himself greatly, saying: Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer. The strange women also made their hearts merry, and all the hosts of the ungodly, saying,—Where is now their God?

11. So the decree was sealed with the seal of Jonathan, and sent out into all the land from sea to sea, and the sons of Belial rejoiced, and their foolish heart was darkened. But the sons of the godly lifted up their voices and wept, as it was said by them of old time. When the wicked rule the people mourn. Yea, Rachel mourned for her children and would not be comforted, for Daniel's eye had no compassion on the babes of the poor, longing to dash the little ones in pieces.

12. Now, there is a great city of the Northernites, which lieth to the eastward on the sea shore, as thou goest down to the old country, and it is called Boston. The same is a great city, and rich, and one mighty pleasant to dwell in, if thou have silver and gold enough, and also, much brass, and keep the traditions of the Elders after the fashion of the townsfolk; but it went hard with the godly there.

13. This city is also called The Athens of Jonathan; peradventure, because, like the Athens of the Greeks, it was given to idolatry. Some of the merchants thereof, are called Princes, because they trusted in uncertain riches, and sought Lordship over other men, even their betters, as did also the princes of the Gentiles.

14. In that city there were exceeding much people; yea, nine hundred and four score and seven men grown, who knew not the right from the wrong, but called Good, Evil, and Evil they called Good. Likewise there was much cattle, and ships, and shops, and household stuff, and fine twined linen, which no man can measure.

15. And in that city, there was a street called Milk—peradveature, because it is the dwelling place of so many of the babes and sucklings of commerce.

16. In that city they did worship many and strange Gods, whereof the chief was called Money, an idol whose head was of fine gold, the belly of silver, and legs of copper; but second thereto, was another notable idol, called Cotton. Unto this latter they did sacrifice, and built him High places and and Factories, by the brooks that run among the hills, and bowed down and worshipped him, saying, Cotton, help us: Cotton, help us! Yea, they made their children pass through the mill unto Cotton, and he was unto many of them as a Conscience.

17. Now, when the decree came to Boston, divers of the merchants, and of the money changers not a few, and also of babes and sucklings, in and about the street called Milk, rejoiced thereat with the mob of Belial who worshipped Cotton. For they said, We shall now be savory unto the Southernites and they will lay a tax, (called in their tongue a Tariff,) upon the people, for the worshipers of Cotton, and the people will sacrifice unto our net and our drag, and, like the sons of Eli, we shall share in the sacrifice.

18. Then they held a meeting, and cried out, Great is Cotton of the Bostonians; there is no God but Cotton and Money: no King but Daniel; nothing better than riches, and no Justice, but only the Statutes of men.

19. Likewise the nine hundred and four score and seven who knew not Good from Evil, they added further, and wrote a letter unto Daniel, concerning the decree; and they said, it is the voice of a God, and not of a man, hearing it was the voice of Cotton.

20. Howbeit there were yet others who said stoutly, yet in weakness, Nay now, it is a wicked thing to keep this decree, and we will not heed it, as the LORD liveth, who brought up our fathers out of England and helped us mightily at Lexington and Bunker Hill. Thereupon they looked at the monument and they said, Ebenezer; Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

21. So they bade the outcasts to tarry even in Boston, saying, Be ye of good cheer: if the Lord be on our side who shall rise up against us?

22. Now there was a certain Satrap in Boston named Charles, appointed to ensnare the outcast, and to watch for his halting. The same was an upright man and modest, yea, comely without and not evil in his heart, albeit he swore by Cotton to keep the law. This man was accused unto Daniel, that he could not do a disagreeable duty and with alacrity. So he was had before the King in his palace, to shew cause of his slackness.

23. And while he was absent, a certain subaltern of his, a Bumbaliff, called Patrick, stood in his place, and was his deputy Satrap. The same was a Paddyite, from an Island where, it is said, there be no toads, (belike it is as it is so said, because they come away thence, and squat in other lands to do mischief therein.)

24. Then Patrick, the Bum-baliff called together the servants of the chief Satrap, his beadles and his runners and his scouts and his spies, and his hog reeves and his field drivers, and swore after his fashion, By the shoul of St. Patherick, that they would take them an outcast and sell him unto bondage. And the thing pleased the fellows, for like consorteth with like.

25. So they went and laid hands on one Shadrach, a servant in an inn. And they took him away from his frying pans, and his skillets, and his ovens, and his gridirons and his spits, wherewith he had made ready a feast for this ungodly crew.

26. And they had him into the court in his shirt-sleeves, with his serving apron on, and his napkin about his neck, and the savor of their breakfast in his garments. And he was there on trial for his life and liberty before a single Scribe; and such was the decree.

27. Then arose George, one of the Scribes, and sat down in the seat of the Scorner, and made all things ready for to deliver up Shadrach unto the tormentors. Now the decree went, that if the Scribes sent the outcast into bondage, they should receive ten talents of silver, but if into freedom, only five talents. For Daniel, of all men, knew that a Gift perverteth judgment.

29. Then said the Bum-bailiff, making a great swell in the Court, and looking brave and big, Will ye not buy this slave of me? But no one offered to buy a man.

29. Then there arose one Seth, a centurion, the servant of the kidnappers, a man of mean stature, having a very little hat in his hand, and demanded that Shadrach should be delivered up unto his tormentors, and that summarily.

30. Then Shadrach cried unto the LORD, saying, Oh! LORD GOD, who were with Jonah in his extremity, and didst deliver thy prophet out of the lion's den, and Shadrach, my father, out of the furnace of fire, deliver me also out of the hands of this Bum-bailiff.

31. Then the LORD GOD answered his prayer, and said, fear not Shadrach; Lo, I am with thee, unto the end of the world.

32. Then the LORD, whose eyes are in every place, beholding the evil and the good, sent down his Messengers from before his face, and it was all dark about them, and the doors were opened, no man knowing how; but some said it thundered; and others, that the earth had quaked. Then the Angels came into the Court, and for fear of them the Bum-bailiff and his beadles and his runners, and his spies, and his hog-reeves, and his field-drivers, and all the crew of them, did quake likewise and stood still.

33. Yea, the Bum-bailiff even added yet above all, that he shrunk down behind the door and became as a dead dog; for all that he did to us, to swell and look big.

34. But the Angel of the LORD took Shadrach in the hollow of his hand and carried him out of that great city, even out of the midst of Boston at high noon; and on the way shewed him the stones of Help, the monuments at Bunker Hill, and at Lexington, and at Concord, and comforted his heart in him, and set him down in a safe place prepared for him.

35. All this happened that it might be fulfilled which was written,—He taketh the wise in their own craftiness, and the counsel of the wicked is carried headlong; yea, another Scripture likewise saith, The sinner shall not escape with the spoils, and the patience of the godly shall not be frustrated.

AMEN AND AMEN.

From the (London) Anti Slavery Reporter.

IMMIGRATION OF THE FREE PEOPLE OF COLOR FROM THE UNITED STATES INTO THE BRITISH WEST INDIA COLONIES.

WE beg to call the special attention of our American friends to the following official correspondence relative to the immigration of the colored population of the United States into the British colonies. Under the painful circumstances in which they are placed at the present moment, we should feel that it would probably be advantageous to many of them to go thither, and more especially those who have fled from Slavery in the South, and to whom the cold winters of Canada might prove injurious. But we could not be parties to any arrangements which should interfere in the slightest degree with their personal liberty in the choice of employers and employments, and that freedom of action which is necessary to the development of a useful and manly character. How far the propositions of Lord Grey meet these conditions, we must leave our friends to judge; but, certainly, before we could recommend their adoption, we think it indispensable that they should be greatly modified. We are anxious to promote the best interests of our colored friends by their removal to the West Indies; but we are unwilling that the price they should pay for it should be the sacrifice of any right that properly belongs to them.

"Downing street, August 14th, 1850.

"Sir,—I am directed by Earl Grey to acknowledge the receipt of your letters of the 27th ult. and 2nd August, further respecting the emigration to the West Indies of the black and colored population of the United States.

"His lordship desires me to transmit to you a copy of a memorandum which he has drawn up, explaining his views on the subject.

"Lord Grey would be glad to know whether you concur in these views, and whether, from your communication with parties interested in the colonies, you can ascertain whether they would receive their support.

"Should such be the case, Lord Grey would propose transmitting copies of this memorandum to the Governors of the West India colonies, and would also request Viscount Palmerston to send some of them to the British consuls, for circulation at those places in the United States from which emigrants would be likely to go.

"Before taking these steps, however, it would be necessary to ascertain officially that there would be no objection to this on the part of the United States Government, as it must of course be distinctly understood that otherwise her Majesty's Government could not countenance any attempt of the kind proposed.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,
"B. HAWES."

"David Turnbull, Esq."

(MEMORANDUM.)

"It has been suggested that the urgent want of labor, which has been so much complained of in the British West India colonies, might be supplied to a considerable extent by encouraging the settlement in these colonies of emigrants from the black and colored population of the United States.

"This population, it is alleged, is becoming, in some of the States, and more especially in the most Northern of the slave States, inconveniently numerous in proportion to the whites, and to the means of profitable employment which can be found for them; hence it is supposed that large numbers of them might be induced to emigrate, if arrangements could be made which should ensure to them the means of settling in comfort in the British sugar colonies.

"Of the value to the colonies of such emigrants, provided that they were really of agricultural laborers, no doubt can be entertained; such persons, coming from a civilized country and speaking the English language, would probably be of more real use to the colony in which they might settle than double the number of the rude natives of the coast of Africa or of Indian Coolies. Nor is there more reason to doubt, that to the emigrants themselves the advantage would also be very great, of being removed from a country in which their position is so painful, to colonies where Slavery does not exist—where blacks and whites are placed on terms of perfect equality—and where there is almost an unlimited demand for labor in the cultivation of a soil of extreme fertility.

"It may, therefore, be safely assumed, that it is an object of great importance to all the parties concerned that this sort of emigration should proceed as extensively as possible. But in order that it may be established upon any considerable scale, and with fair hopes of success, it must be carried on mainly by the exertions and enterprise of individuals, whose efforts may indeed be seconded and encouraged by the measures of the Government, but cannot be dispensed with, since it would be impossible for the Government directly to undertake the task of collecting and introducing such emigrants into the colonies; this can only be attempted by individuals through the Colonial Legislatures, and the Government might do much to encourage and assist their efforts.

"With this view, it would in the first place be necessary to ascertain that the Government of the United States had no objection to an attempt being made to promote this description of emigration from those States, since her Majesty's Government could otherwise give no countenance to the adoption of any measures for that purpose. Supposing the assent of the Government of the United States to have been obtained, there are three principal points to which the attention of the Colonial Legislatures should be directed.

"1st. The settlement of American planters, having capital and experience, as well as of colored laborers, should be encouraged by affording them the utmost possible facility in obtaining the privilege of British subjects by naturalization.

"2ndly. With the same object, provision should be made by law for giving legal vitality to engagements entered into by emigrants previously to their leaving America, to repay money advanced to enable them to settle in the British colonies.

"3rdly. The Colonial Legislatures should pass laws similar in principle to those which have been passed in Mauritius and Trinidad, to allow of money being granted from the public revenue to pay for the introduction of immigrants, but providing that all immigrants so brought to the colonies at the public expense, should be required, for five years after their arrival, either to enter into yearly contracts to labor, on which a stamp duty should be charged, or else to pay a small monthly tax. The object of this regulation being both to stimulate the industry of the immigrants, and to obtain from them, directly or indirectly, the repayment of a part at least of what they had cost the colony.

"Without any further interference on the part of the Colonial Legislatures than would be afforded by the above measures, the proposed immigration might it is conceived, be carried on to a large extent, and with great advantage, by individuals, provided this were attempted judiciously.

"The following is suggested as the mode of proceeding which would be most likely to succeed:—

"In suitable situations, that is to say, within easy reach of plantations where a demand for labor might be reckoned upon, villages, from 100 to 150 cottages, with a school and chapel, and proper houses for school-masters and ministers, should be prepared; each cottage having attached to it land enough for a garden, and a larger quantity of land being reserved, to be acquired by immigrants when they should be able to buy it. This preparation having been made, persons should be employed in America to collect parties of emigrants, care being taken to select those used to agricultural labor, and as far as possible to compose each body of immigrants of persons known to each other before their departure. From what is known of the character of the colored race in America, there is reason to believe that the success of the measure would to a very great extent depend upon the pains taken upon this point, so as to secure to the immigrants the advantage of having, from the moment of their arrival in the colony, a society which would be agreeable to them.

"If scattered singly amongst strangers, they would become discontented, as was the case when this kind of immigration was attempted in Trinidad; but if parties of friends and relations were to go and settle together, they would enjoy all the pleasures and advantages of society. It is believed that by far the best mode of collecting parties of immigrants of this sort would be to employ some of the colored preachers who are to be found in the Northern slave States, and who would be glad to collect for themselves congregations, to be settled together in the British colonies.

"Too much stress cannot be laid on the benefit which would result from placing bands of immigrants in this manner under the superintendence of their religious teachers.

"The immigrants should be given leases of their cottages at a very moderate rent, just sufficient to pay a reasonable interest on the cost of building them, with the option of purchasing the freehold when they had the means of doing so, and also of buying an additional quantity of land when they required it.

"It would be of the greatest importance that an arrangement advantageous to the immigrants should be made in this respect, as otherwise they could not be expected to remain content in the settlements assigned to them. The planter, therefore, ought not to look for remuneration to the direct payment received from them, so much as to the increased command of labor afforded by their being placed in the neighborhood of his plantation.

"It is true that the preparation of villages would be attended with considerable expense, and it would probably, therefore, not be advisable to look exclusively to this mode of carrying on immigration; but, on the other hand, it may reasonably be calculated that if comfortable cottages of this kind could be provided, the rent paid for them would afford a moderate return on the capital invested, while in addition to this, the increased value given to the adjoining lands would be a source of much advantage to the proprietors. The assurance of finding residences ready for them, would also afford what probably would be a sufficient inducement to persons able to defray the cost of their own passage from America, to settle in the colonies; so that, with regard to them, the preparation of the proposed villages would be the only expense to be incurred. The formation of such villages would also be very useful as an encouragement to immigrants who might go to the colony with the view of being content, at first, with such accommodation as can at present be found on the plantations. It would reconcile such persons to their situation, if they could find in the villages the society of their own countrymen, and could look forward to purchasing land and building cottages for themselves when they could earn a little money.

"Before leaving America, an engagement should be made with the immigrants who required it, to give them employment at the *full rate of wages* which their labor would command in Jamaica. This is most essential. If the person introducing such immigrants attempted to make it answer, by binding them to work for him at a lower rate of wages than they could find prevailing in the colony on their arrival, all experience shows that disputes and discontents would immediately arise; the immigrant would be desirous of being freed from what he would find an onerous engagement, and, wishing to do so, he would soon succeed in making the engagement an equally onerous one to the master, in spite of any attempt to compel him by law to give the labor he had promised. If the planter is to give full wages to the immigrants, and also to let to them their cottages only at a moderate rent, he must of course be repaid in some other way for the actual cost of their introduction; because, though the command of a sufficient amount of a labor to carry on the cultivation of his estates in an effective manner would be a very great advantage, even without the wages being below the market rate, this would not be sufficient to compensate the person by whom the laborers were introduced for his outlay, since his neighbor, who had not borne the expense, would equally share in this advantage. Hence the introducer of the immigrants must look for repayment of his expense to the bounty granted by the colony, and to what might be paid by the immigrants themselves, in consequence of the agreements made with them previously to their departure from America. The distance from America to the British colonies is so short, and the expense of the passage so small, that in many cases the immigrants would be able themselves to pay for their passage, and would prefer doing so, to becoming subject to a tax on their labor by accepting the bounty offered by the colonies. For those who could not afford to pay their own passage, the cost would in general be amply covered by the bounty; but in some cases, no doubt, the immigrants might require further assistance. To meet these cases, it would be of the utmost importance that the Colonial Legislatures should provide some cheap and simple mode of enforcing agreements entered into by immigrants before they left America, to pay by instalments from their wages what might have been advanced on their account. Such a law would operate very beneficially, more especially in the case of slaves liberated from Slavery for the purpose of settling in a British colony. If an American planter could make a contract with his slaves before their manumission, which should be legally binding upon them on their arrival in a British colony, and for the enforcement of which some very simple machinery were provided, it might well answer his purpose to move his whole gang of slaves from Maryland or Virginia to Jamaica or Guiana, for the sake of the far superior soil and climate he would find there for the cultivation of cotton and sugar; and it might be a highly advantageous arrangement of the many West India proprietors who cannot, from various reasons, reside in the colonies, to let their estates on lease to such planters, instead of carrying on the cultivation by agents on their own account.

"In order to make this answer to the American planter, it would be by no means necessary that he should call upon his slaves to pay him anything like the amount of their value according to the market price of slaves in America; an engagement to pay him a far smaller amount would practically give him a security for obtaining their labor; because, if it be supposed that slaves thus removed from America had agreed to pay their former master, say two shillings a week from their wages, it is obvious that this would be done by his stopping that amount from their earnings, and that he would be able to afford to give them nominally higher wages than any other person who would have to pay them in full. The arrangement would, in effect, be that which has been often suggested, of giving the advantage to the introducer of such immigrants of commanding their labor at a lower than the market rate of wages, but it would avoid the objection to which agreements giving a direct claim to *labor* have always been found practically liable, by determining in money the amount of the claim, and enabling the laborer, in case of disagreement with his master, to pay in money instead of labor.

"But the planter having this security for the labor of his former slaves, whatever difference there might be in the annual expenses of a cotton plantation in one of these colonies on one hand, or the American on the other, in consequencce of wages being payable in the one case, and certain supplies only to be furnished in the other, there can be no doubt that this difference would be far more than covered by the value of the larger produce which would be obtained, with the advantages of a superior climate and soil, and of the greater efficiency of free than slave labor. Indeed, irrespective of the greater produce which might be calculated upon from the same number of hands, it may well be doubted whether, taking into account all the expenses, direct and indirect, of maintaining slaves all the year round, as compared to that of paying wages for labor when it is wanted, there would be any difference of cost in favor of slave labor.

"It has been further suggested that grants of land should be made to immigrants, to induce them to settle in the British colonies. There may possibly be some special cases in which this would be advisable, but in general it appears to be neither necessary nor desirable.

"In most of the colonies, land far better suited for settlement can be purchased at a very low rate from individuals, than any that remains in the power of Government. In Jamaica, indeed, it is believed that nearly all the land eligible for settlement is private property; and in Guiana, where the crown still owns a vast extent of fertile land, there is so much land belonging to individuals which might be purchased very cheap, and on which much capital has been expended in erecting buildings, and making roads, dams against the sea, and drains, that it would be far more judicious to select some of those abandoned plantations for any experiments of the kind contemplated, then to obtain free grants from the Crown, even if these could be made under regulations sufficiently strict to avoid the objections to which free grants are generally open.

"Lastly with reference to the mode in which any measure of this kind might be carried into execution, it may be suggested that associations of persons interested in increasing the supply of labor in different colonies should be formed, that they should, by subscription or otherwise, raise the money necessary for the preliminary expenses, and then proceed to make preparation for the reception of emigrants, and to employ persons in America to collect them. But in many cases it is believed that where estates of considerable extent are in the hands of individuals, they could carry on such measures upon a limited scale and singly, with greater economy, and with greater freedom from risk, than this could be accomplished by any company or association. The capital required in preparing a single village for the reception of immigrants, and in conveying a party of immigrants from America to Jamaica, would be by no means very large, more especially if the of the passage were paid by the immigrants themselves, or covered by a bounty granted by the Legislature suggested."

From the Dundee, Perth and Cupar Advertiser.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.

ON Wednesday evening a meeting was held in Bell Street Hall, for the purpose of denouncing the American Fugitive Slave Bill, and hearing addresses on the subject of American Slavery by Messrs. William Brown and William Craft and others. The meeting was numerously attended, the spacious hall being filled in every quarter; and a great number had to leave as they could not obtain admission.

On the platform there appeared—Provost Thoms, Bailie Low, Mrs. Ellen Craft, Dr. Dick, Rev. Messrs. G. Gilfillan and Cook, Messrs. William Thoms, Laing, Rough, Benvie, Arthur Begg, Easson, Smith &c. Provost Thoms presided.

After some remarks by the Provost as to the nature of American Slavery, and its glaring injustice, he called on the Rev. Mr. Gilfillan to move the first resolution.

The Rev. Mr. GILFILLAN said—I shall not trespass long on the patience of the meeting, nor need I, for the resolution speaks for itself. Perhaps I may be met at the commencement by a question, what have we to do with American Slavery, or American fugitive slaves? Are not Americans wise and intelligent enough themselves to manage their own matters? Is not the American Republic of age, and able to walk apart from our leading strings. I have my doubts, sir, as to this. When I read the report of a recent meeting where George Thompson was prevented from speaking by tumult, I am compelled to say that a display of more unmanly insolence and childish fury was never made. I cannot believe that the Republic is of age upon this question. Indeed, its conduct and its language resemble those of a monomaniac. You know that many people, very rational on all other subjects, have some particular point on which they are insane. And this particular point with the Americans is Slavery. There they lose all self-possession—all command of temper—all their candor—and all their Christianity. Manage their own matters, indeed! If a Fugitive Slave Bill be a specimen of their management, I fear they are managing them very ill. They have managed already to disgrace the name of liberty—to discolor their national flag—to degrade their national character—to endanger their national existence—and now they have managed, to use the language of a Glasgow clergyman, "to force the whole nation to become one huge pack of bloodhounds to track the steps of every man, woman, or child, who essays to escape from the iron fangs of Slavery and dares to be free!" What a managing Republic! Could it be much worse of taking a little of our British advice when we tell them to try—just to try a different course of management—the management of mercy, justice, and brotherly kindness to the poor slaves of the South, as well as to the persecuted Abolitionists of the North. But I meet those who object to our interference on higher ground. They may ask in the spirit of Cain, Are we are our brother's keepers? I answer—We are, or ought to be. The Americans are our brethren. They are sprung from the same noble Anglo-Saxon stock. They speak the same language—they profess the same faith—they are connected with us by myriad ties of commerce, relationship, and intercourse. If a brother walketh disorderly is it not a brotherly and Christian part to point out his errors, and to protest against his crimes? And whether I ask do those love the Americans best who justify them in their national crime of Slavery, who tell us that we should leave them alone to manage it, or those who would by argument or expostulation induce them to forsake it. A blind man is staggering near a precipice—one cries let him alone—another rushes forward to save him, who is his friend? A maniac is applying a torch to his own house—one cries it is only a temporary aberration let him alone—another snatches the torch from his hand, who is the true friend of the unfortunate man? You are aware that the slaves of the United States, sadly ignorant and indifferent to the blessings of that "peculiar institution" of Slavery, are in the habit of displaying their ingratitude by flight. They actually run away from bondage with all its comforts, fixing their eye upon the North Star—the star of liberty—their hearts heaving for the first time with the feeling of conscious humanity—their feet winged, as it were, with eager desire—the sound of the

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*The fugitive slave law of 1850 was introduced by Senator Mason, of Virginia.—[*Eds. Eve. Post.*

† The True Travels, Adventures and Observations of Captaine John Smith, in Europe, Asia, Africke and America, beginning at about the yere 1593, and continued to this present 1629. London: 1629.

‡ See *Penhallow's Indian Wars*, in the collections of the New Hampshire Historical Society, Vol. 1, pp. 62, 105 to 110.

lash waxing fainter and fainter in the distance behind—they less run than bound, and fly toward the country of freedom. Can you blame them? Would you not do the same? Lives there a Briton who does not sympathise with the poor fugitive slave, or who would not if his house lay in his path, open the door to receive him, feed his hunger, clothe his nakedness, annoint his torn and bleeding feet, and give him at once a shelter, a shield, and a hiding place under his roof? And yet a bill has lately passed the American Legislature—enacting that whosoever shall harbor or conceal such fugitive be subject to a fine not exceeding $1000, and imprisonment not exceeding six months, and shall moreover forfeit and pay by way of civil damages to the party injured by such illegal conduct, the sum of $1000 for each fugitive so lost. Such is a sample of this bill. There was a time, Sir, when it was counted a sin to betray the innocent blood. One man has obtained immortal infamy by doing so for thirty pieces of silver. But now, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, the Legislature of a Christian country has indirectly and inferentially proclaimed that act a virtue, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment those who disdain such treachery. Time forbids me enlarging. I may merely say in support of another part of the resolution, that I honor from my heart the Abolitionists of America. They have been abused, indeed, by many, by manstealers, by fribbles and bigots, by those calm, callous, cold-blooded creatures, whose sole gods are expediency, policy, and pride: but by men of every country, and by Christians of almost every name, they have been and are held in honor—and honor which shall deepen as ages run on. I do not know them all, but I know some of them. I know of F. Douglas, the most powerful of natural orators, the self-taught giant, the Burns of the African race. I know of Wendell Phillips, one of the most accomplished and eloquent men in America. I know of Mrs. Chapman, that noblest of all Amazons, the Deborah of the Western World. I know of Lowell, one of the most gifted of American poets, and an Abolitionist to the teeth. I know of Whittier, also a true poet, and who has consecrated his genius entirely to this Cause. I know something, too, of the late Dr. Channing, one of the best and bravest men the world ever produced, and who ere he died lent to the cause of Abolitionism his powerful aid. And I not only know of, but know our noble friends with us this evening. And lastly, I know William Lloyd Garrison, one whose name future ages shall rank with those of Wilberforce, Howard, and Clarkson. Mr. Gilfillan concluded by moving a resolution to the effect that the meeting express their abhorrence of the Fugitive Slave Bill recently passed by the American Legislature, as in itself unjust and oppressive, as a flagrant contradiction of the celebrated Declaration of Independence adopted by the United States, and as inconsistent with the great principles of religion, humanity, and freedom; and further that the meeting express their continued hatred of the entire system of Slavery, and look forward to the time when it shall come to an end. The rev. gentleman sat down amidst great applause—a compliment which was frequently paid him during the delivery of his speech.

The Rev. Mr. Cook said he would second the adoption of the resolution which had been proposed. Slavery or any system which deprived a man of his liberty was direct robbery. In reference to the compromise which had been effected in America by the passing of the Slave Trade Bill, there could be but one opinion in this country. It was one of the laws which was contrary to the law of God, and therefore could not be reconciled to it by any species of logic. He welcomed the lady and the two gentlemen who appeared on the platform who had escaped from Slavery, and he heartily wished them success in their labors in this country. (Cheers.) He should say no more but that he seconded the resolution.

The Chairman then introduced Mr. Brown, one of the fugitive slaves, to the meeting.

Mr. Brown spoke as follows:—Mr. Chairman and Ladies—It is not a pleasant task for one to speak in a foreign land against the laws and people of his own country. It savors too much of a wish to cater to the feelings of the people with whom you are. But the cause of my enslaved countrymen demands that I should not consult my own private feelings, or those of the haters of my race in the United States. Three millions of the people of Republican America are held in the most degraded state of servitude of any people in the world. A slave is a chattel, a thing, a species of property; he can own nothing, possess nothing, but what shall belong to his owner. It denies him manhood, and dooms him to a position in point of law with the beast of the field. The slave may be taken from one of the slave-raising to a slave-consuming State, and there worked up, in five or seven years, just as it may suit the caprice of the man who claims him as property. He may be separated from his wife and children—his wife or daughter may be punished in his presence, his own back may be lacerated, and yet he has no remedy—it is all in accordance with the laws of Democratic Republican America. (Cries of shame!") But with all the degradation attendant upon the condition of a slave, with a law upon the statute-book prohibiting the slaves being taught to read, and surrounded by everything possible to remind him that he is a slave, he still knows that he has a right to his freedom; for the slaveholder has said—"you may place the slave where you please, you may dry up to your utmost the fountain of his feelings, the springs of his thought; you may close upon his mind every avenue to knowledge; you may yoke him to your labor as the ox which liveth only to work, and worketh only to live; you may put him under any process, which, without destroying his value as a slave, will crush and degrade him as a rational being; you may do all this, but the idea that he was born to be free will survive it all; it is allied to his hope of immortality; it is the ethereal part of his nature, which oppression cannot reach; it is a torch lit up in his soul by the hand of the Deity, and never meant to be extinguished by the hand of man." Thus the slaveholder admits that he is conscious that his victim is aware that God has created him free. (Applause.) Slavery is interwoven into all the American institutions. Everything in the United States is made to bend to the "Peculiar Institution." The religion of Jesus Christ is love to God and to mankind. The religion of America is slaveholding. They have a slaveholding theology. Their Churches deal in the bodies and immortal souls of men. And for fear of being charged with exaggerating upon this point, I will read you the following from the *Savannah (Ga.) Republican* of the 13th of March, 1845:—"Will be sold at public auction, the following negro slaves,—viz. Charles, Peggy, Antonnett, Davy, September, Maria, Jenny and Isaac, levied on as the property of Henry T. Hall, to satisfy a mortgage, fi. fa. issued out of M'Intosh Superior Court, in favor of the board of directors of the Theological Seminary of the Synod of South Carolina and Georgia, against said H. T. Hall. Conditions—cash. C. O'Neal, Deputy-Sheriff." And now I will read you an advertisement of the executors of a deceased Doctor of Divinity, from the *Charleston (S. C.) Courier*:—Notice; on Monday February next, will be put up at public auction, before the Court House, the following property belonging to the estate of the late Rev. Dr. Furman:—"A plantation near the waters of the Black River, a lot of land in the town of Cornden, a library of a miscellaneous character, chiefly Theological, twenty-seven negroes, some of them very prime, two mules, one horse, and an old waggon." (Prolonged laughter.) I think Mr. Chairman, and Ladies and Gentlemen, that I have made good my charges against the religion of the American slaveholders. I have here, on the platform, a book of 119 pages, approving of the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill, and trying to prove that the Bible sanctions slaveholding, and that Slavery is compatible with Christianity. This book to which I refer is from the pen of Moses Stewart, late a Professor in Andover Theological Seminary, in the State of Massachusetts. It is not to be wondered at that the Abolitionists are calumniated by the clergy of America, who are connected so closely with Slavery. They are called infidels because they have espoused the cause of the slave, and in so doing have exposed the pro-slavery Churches of that land.—Much has been said, Mr. Chairman, about the bravery and magnanimity of the Americans, and the beauty of their institutions; and there are some noble friends of the oppressed in that country—men and women—whose hearts beat warmly for the down trodden of every country and clime; but the great body of the people of America are downright cowards. Twenty-two millions of whites have banded themselves together to keep in Slavery three millions of blacks. They are afraid to permit the negro to be educated in a slave State, for fear that the little spark of the fire of freedom may kindle into a flame and melt from his limbs the chains which bind him to his degradation. It is against the laws in any of the Southern States for a colored person, man or woman, to have in his or her possession any weapon. These pretended lovers of liberty are not willing to trust these injured and outraged people with the means of defence. I admire the magnanimity of the people of this country, for they will even give to an enemy fair play. Then away with the idea that the Americans are brave and generous. The free States are as much responsible for the existence of Slavery in the United States as the slaveowners themselves. The North has compromised the matter, and has agreed not only to help to keep the slaves in their chains by public opinion, but have bargained to return him to his master should he escape; and after he has been sent back to his prison-house, if he should attempt to get his liberty by force, the people of the non-slave States are bound by solemn compact to suppress any such attempt. The passage of the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill, which has been so eloquently alluded to by the gentleman who preceded me, is fresh testimony of the willingness of the free States to aid the tyrant in his nefarious work. And among those who have given their aid and sanction to the enactment of this new law the names of Daniel Webster and Moses Stewart will be handed down to posterity as the most inveterate enemies of the negro that ever lived. I am not willing that the people of the free States should sneak off under the plea that Slavery belongs solely to the South. The Americans have the name of being an enterprising people, and it is true. The people of Great Britain are satisfied with raising cattle and swine for the market, but not so with Brother Jonathan. He has discovered that more money can be made by trading in human beings, and they are well versed in the business. That they are not contented with trading in the raw material—in the real Africans, but have thought best to bring into the market a mixture of the African and Anglo-Saxon, and the presence of Mrs. Craft on this platform is sufficient proof that they do not care if the slave has a preponderance of the blood of the white man coursing through the veins. My countrymen are indeed an enterprising people. Slaves are not brought up, but "raised." You speak of raising cattle: the Americans talk of raising men. The slaveholder meets the slave on the highway and asks, "Boy, who raised you?" They will not so much as permit a slave to be called a man. He is a boy until he reaches the age of seventy or eighty years, and then he is uncle. It is Boy and Uncle. (Laughter.) Nothing has done so much to blacken the American character in the opinion of the people of all countries as Slavery, and especially the passage of the Fugitive Bill. The Americans are the most inconsistent people in the world. In their Declaration of Independence they say that "All men are created free and equal," and yet they enslave one-sixth of their own citizens. They profess to be lovers of liberty, and keep three millions of people in a state of Slavery which has no parallel in the world. An English poet has well said—

> United States, your banner wears
> Two emblems,—one of fame;
> Alas, the other that it bears
> Reminds us of your shame.
> The white man's liberty in types
> Stands blazoned by your stars;
> But what 's the meaning of your stripes;
> They mean your Negro scars.

(Applause.) The name of the United States is becoming a hissing and bye-word in the mouths of the inhabitants of every clime. My country is indeed the land of oppression. There is not a rood of territory over which the "Stars and Stripes" fly, on which William and Ellen Craft or myself could be protected by law. Wherever the American flag is seen flying on the continent of the New World it points us out as slaves; and we enjoy to-night a degree of freedom in your town that we could not if we were in the land of our birth. I often speak of America as my country, but in point of fact I have no country. In the language of one of the noblest of the negro's champions in the United States—

> "My country is the wide, wide world;
> My countrymen are all mankind."

Yes; wherever the liberty of man is most respected that is my country. It should be a humiliating thing to the people of the United States that the English Government furnishes the only asylum on the American continent for the poor and oppressed negro, and I hope for one that that place of refuge will never be broken up as long as the system of Slavery continues. Let there be one spot in America where the slaves can be free, if it must be furnished by monarchical England. (The speaker concluded his eloquent remarks in the midst of great applause.)

Mr. William Craft then presented himself and was received with loud cheering. He began by apologising for his inability to express himself as he would have wished, but he hoped his excuse would be accepted when he told them that it was only two years since he made his escape from Slavery, at which time he could neither read nor write. He would asssure them this was no fault of his or his parents, as he was "raised" in the State of Georgia, a slave State, where the laws prohibited a slave being educated. As a proof this he might mention that some time since, in that State, one Mr. Lamond, a Scotchman, was accused of having taught some slaves to read the word of God. The charge could not be proved, but so strong was the public prejudice against him that he was compelled within a few hours to quit the State. He has returned to Scotland, and he (Mr. Craft) saw him a few days ago in Glasgow. They had already heard the nature of the infamous Fugitive Bill explained, and perhaps it might be interesting to the meeting were he to furnish them with some particulars of the escape of himself and wife. Mr. Craft then detailed their escape, the particulars of which appeared a short time since in this journal. He was listened to with the greatest attention.

Mr. Easson said, that at this late hour he would not detain them by any remarks. He should simply move the adoption of the following resolution:—That the meeting should express their cordial sympathy with Mr. Brown, and with Mr. and Mrs. Craft under their sufferings, and their high gratification at their deliverance from the bondage in which they are unjustly held.

The resolution was put and carried amidst acclamation.

On motion of Mr. Brown, a hearty vote of thanks was given to Provost Thoms for his conduct in the chair.

The Provost acknowledged the compliment in suitable terms.

When the meeting was about to disperse, a general wish was expressed that Mrs. Craft, who was on the platform, should present herself to the audience. She seemed rather reluctant to do so; but on the persuasion of the Provost and several other gentlemen, she consented to occupy a standing position on the left side of the former. She was most enthusiastically received. At first she seemed abashed; but the cheering having continued, she curtesied gracefully and retired. She is an intelligent and delicate good-looking woman. From her color and contour of features no one would have thought that she had any African blood in her veins.

The meeting then dispersed.

Yesterday evening Mr. Brown delivered the first of his course of two lectures illustrative of American Slavery and his varied and at length successful attempts to escape from the same. The lecture was illustrated by panoramic views descriptive of the methods of catching American slaves, which on the whole seemed to excite the highest disgust in the numerous and respectable audience. At the conclusion Mr. and Mrs. Craft were presented to the audience, the softer sex seeming highly gratified that one of their order should have shown so much dexterity and activity in rescuing herself and husband from a land of bondage to one of freedom.—*Ibid.*

Flight of Fugitives.—The *Boston Pathfinder* of the 27th says, that quite a number of fugitive slaves, who have lived there since their escape from bondage, have within a few days fled from that city. The number is stated by some as high as 100. In view of this state of things, the *Pathfinder* suggests that an extra amount of powder be burnt on the next 4th of July—or, if more agreeable, on some future 4th of July—and that a proclamation be issued, enjoining upon all 4th of July orators the absolute necessity of using more gas in demonstrating the self-evident truth, that "all men are created equal, and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, *liberty* and the pursuit of happiness."

A Fugitive Slave Reclaimed.—On Saturday last, George W. Mason, of Davies County, Ky., arrested a colored man by the name of Mitchum, who, with his wife and children, resided about four miles from Vernon. Mr. Mason introduced proof to the satisfaction of Mr. Basnett, a Justice of the Peace, that Mitchum was his slave and had fled from service *nineteen years ago*, when the Justice delivered the fugitive to his master, who left for his home on Wednesday.—*Madison (Ind.) Banner, 21st ult.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment....Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1851.

COLONIZATION.

We are not among those who are altogether hopeful as to the present position of the Anti-Slavery question in this country. Though we do not mean to deny that it has its hopeful aspect, and that the progress of the Cause up to this point has been, considering the obstacles it has had to encounter, most wonderful, yet we see much in the events of the moment full of gloomy suggestions to a mind not over sanguine, or to one accustomed to calculate nicely the balance of chances. It is certain that the Cause has never, since its inception, met with a more determined and systematic resistance, and that resistance has never before been conducted with anything like the prudence, or been made clearly to involve so many interests, as now.

We have no intention of discussing this point now, however, because, if there were no other reason, we have hardly room enough even to state the proposition. But should we undertake to substantiate such a statement we should point, among other things, to the attitude of the African Colonization enterprise at this moment. The prospects of that scheme were never more brilliant; even in those palmy days antecedent to the tremendous and effectual onslaught made upon it by Mr. Garrison, and when its baseness was undetected, and its hypocrisy unmasked, even then it was comparatively in the mere dawn of its prosperity as it was of its life. Years have brought not age only, but with them also have come the riches and honor which not unfrequently crown the evening of a life of successful iniquity.

The almost universal approval with which African Colonization is now received is enough to justify us in this conclusion, were there no other evidences of its prosperity. And this approval is given not as it was five-and-twenty years ago under a mistaken notion of the real purpose of this proposed colonization of the negro race, but with a perfect understanding that colonization means in this connection nothing more than the exile of several hundred thousand of our fellow-citizens to a deadly climate, and an inhospitable soil, that the bondage of all their race who are left behind them may be rendered perpetual, and the slave taught that for him freedom and civilization are incompatible.

Doubtless among those who advocate this scheme there are some whose motives are not altogether inimical to the colored people, but the highest principle by which we can conceive such persons to be governed is commiseration. They have so little faith in the perpetual assertion of an abstract truth that they despair of the abolition of Slavery by any purely moral movement. They hope, at best, that at some indefinite future period the negro may become free by force of circumstances; it is the interests not the consciences of men in which they believe, and to which they appeal. They are waiters upon Providence, and not observing any signs of a Providential interference they despair of ever seeing, and therefore deem it useless to advocate the emancipatian of the black race. In the meantime though they do not believe in other men's consciences, they are troubled in some degree by their own, and they urge the expatriation of the colored people with the hope of the salvation of a remnant, and with a sincere desire to relieve such portion as can be relieved from the crushing oppression under which they labor in this country. It is not our purpose now to throw down the gauntlet to these advocates of the doctrine of circumstances, or to point to the proofs of their existence, though for these last any reader of *The New York Tribune* will be at no loss to know where to look.

But we refer to the subject at this time mainly to call attention to the article and correspondence which we copy, in another column from an English paper, in relation to emigration from this country to the British West Indies. Here is a scheme of which slaveholders, whose aim is to perpetuate Slavery, can never approve, and one to which no other objection can be made than that which appertains to emigration under any circumstances. Believers in Providential interpositions may find in it, perhaps, an interference with African Colonization itself, and one in which a prosperous and happy future may open for the colored race of the New World. We commend it to the class to which we just alluded, as well as to those of our colored friends,—and some, we know, there are—who for the sake of their children look with dread and despair to the future which appears to be before them. The subject is of especial interest at this moment when so many fugitive bondmen are seeking an asylum in the inhospitable and uncongenial climate of the Canadas.

The Question Settled.—A correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* has got a fair hold, at last, of the horns of the bull of agitation that is bellowing through the land. We must give in now, Free-Soilers, Abolitionists, Sewardites, and all, with such alacrity as we may, for an authority is appealed to before which all rational men, not to say enlightened Republicans, bow down with reverence. The *Journal's* correspondent says that a friend of his once had an interview with a late King of Sweden, and he asserts in the most positive and emphatic manner that his majesty declared that any man who should propose to "rend in pieces this happy Union should at once be arraigned as a traitor, and brought to condign punishment."

Does the man live who is so lost to himself and his kind as to allude, after that, to any topic, the discussion of which can be supposed to influence, in the slightest degree, the heavenly harmony of our blessed Union? "Lives there a man with soul so dead?"

An incidental lesson is also taught us here by his late Majesty of Sweden, which the graceless Thompson and his friends may lay to heart—that it is not "foreign interference" in itself, but only a certain kind of it, to which the true patriot will object. We ought to respect the opinions of the mighty of other lands on the character of our institutions and the proper manner of dealing with them,—provided they agree with us, that that this is an almighty grand country, that every man in it is great, glorious, and free, and that "niggers" are of no account.

It has long been a question whether the editor or the correspondents or the *Journal of Commerce* were the most intelligent. We have a most exalted opinion of the powers of the former, but if he admits many more such writers as this, it will go hard with him to maintain his own long-established reputation.

Anti-Slavery Society in Canada.—A large Anti-Slavery meeting is reported to have been held at Toronto, on Friday, the 28th ult., which was called by the Mayor and at which a Society was formed, called the "Anti-Slavery Society of Canada," the declared object of which is to aid in the extinction of Slavery all over the world, and to manifest sympathy with fugitives from American bondage. If the members of the Society are disposed to extend the helping hand to the flying bondman, their friends on the other side of the line will keep them busy.

Tennyson's fine poem of Timbuctoo, which may be found on the fourth page of this week's paper, has never before, we believe, been published in this country. It is not included in any of the late collections of his poems. We are indebted to a friend for a copy of it, who merits our readers' as well as our own thanks.

☞ The *Toronto Globe* of Tuesday of last week announces the arrival in that city on the Saturday previous, of the fugitive Shadrach, escaped unscathed from his Republican tormentors, to live hereafter without peril to his personal liberty under the protection of the Red Cross of England.

The present Congress adjourned this week, having done at least one good act, reduced the rates of postage to three cents on pre-paid letters, and not committed any signal outrage upon the rights of its masters, the people. That it has done no great harm let us also return thanks; and for its one good deed let us be especially grateful,—when comparing the thing done with the things that should have been done—for that let us be grateful precisely to the amount of two cents.

Domestic Correspondence.

GEO. THOMPSON IN NEW YORK STATE.

Little Falls, N. Y., Feb. 23d, 1851.

Editors of The Standard:

Gentlemen—We arrived here last night, about 11 o'clock from Union Village. This is a pleasant town on the Mowhawk, containing some three thousand inhabitants.

There is very little Anti-Slavery feeling here, but as it is a manufacturing place it is, of course, a matter of no surprise: The interests of Trade always stand in the way of Humanity.

A few evenings since a meeting held by those faithful friends of the slave, S. S. Foster and lady, was broken up by some of the riotously disposed people of the place, led on by the Baptist minister in person, yet it is due to the character of the town to say that much regret has been expressed for the act.

A convention had been called some days since, and the people from the vicinity came in to join the citizens and hear the celebrated orator and philanthropist. It was difficult to obtain a suitable place for the meeting on account of the local prejudice existing, but a hall which would contain some four or five hundred persons was found and instantly filled with a fine audience, though an admission fee was required. Mr. Thompson wearied with his incessant labors was obliged to rest through the forenoon.

The Convention was called to order and Dr. B. W. Franklin appointed Chairman.

Mr. Kelsey sang a liberty song in fine style, and Mr. Putnam was introduced to the meeting. Mr. P. gave some account of the mob at Springfield, and made some remarks upon the meanness and wickedness of the act, and upon the slight knowledge of human nature they possess who seek by such means to check or destroy freedom of speech.

A written handbill had been circulated as follows:

"Springfield at Rockton!
GEORGE THOMPSON AND JOHN BULL.
Go home and free the Colliers in England.
THE HALL IN DANGER!"

Mr. Putnam alluded to the handbill, and invited the writer, if he were present, and all who sympathized with him, to come and hear from the lips of Mr Thompson himself in the afternoon: all things concerning Mr. Thompson's feelings and actions in relation to Ireland; to "walk up and and examine for themselves."

Mrs. Foster then addressed the meeting upon the Fugitive Slave Bill, with a power and earnestness which won the hearts and touched the very souls of the audience. I will not attempt to follow her, but the hearts of wives, of husbands and parents were by that speech indellibly impressed with the horrible nature of that law which outrages all the holy ties with which God has bound the human race, and some of the lawyers who argue its constitutionality might have learned a lesson in law even from her lips as she demonstrated its utter violation of the Constitution. Mr. Kelsey sang Garrison's soul stirring song, "I am an Abolitionist," and the meeting adjourned.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Foster renewed the subject of the Fugitive Slave Law until the appearance of Mr. Thompson. The audience was larger than in the morning. The Chairman introduced Mr. T. who addressed them about an hour an a half. Mr. Thompson spoke of the Sabbath day, and asked his audience if the Anti-Slavery work was not in keeping with the will of Him who ordained the Sabbath, and remarked that at the judgment day we should find that approbation or condemnation would not be administered on the ground of creed, or of doctrine, or creed or mode of worship, but upon the treatment which the poor, the naked, the bound and suffering had received at our hands. "In my own country," said he, "it is my Anti-Slavery principles which open the doors of every church to me, here it is my Anti-Slavery principles which shut the doors of the churches, and often the halls to me. I have been utterly outlawed: not a magistrate will grant me the protection of the laws of the land, which save even the thief, the burglar, and the assassin from the hands of the mob! From the floor of Congress to the farthest bounds of the United States, I am denounced by recreant statesmen, hireling priests, and a press whose mendacity is unparalleled in the world.

"I came to this country in part to speak upon the subject of Slavery, if desired to do so. I really didn't come to 'dissolve the Union;' I really don't think I am powerful or strong enough to be able to do that. From the accounts you have read you might suppose me to be a monster with horns upon his head, and with divided hoof, but you see friends it is not so, I am a man like yourselves.

"When a youth I solemnly promised my Creator that I would never use the faculty of speech which He had given me for the promulgation of any sentiment which I would not review with pleasure upon a deathbed, and which I would be ashamed to have written as my epitaph.

"I have come here to-day to see you, because I believe that you are candid and willing to hear the truth, and dont believe everything 'because it is in the papers.'

"I am glad to be able to respond to the calls of so many of the American people, and like to hear them say to me as Agrippa said to Paul, 'Thou art permitted to speak for thyself' I am hunted because they who are the real enemies of liberty find their account in representing me as your country's enemy—they lie, they raise mobs, they plot and plan, and if they could accomplish my assasination would doubtless rejoice, and to do this they appeal to all the prejudice there is in the community.

"You have a free press, yes, a *very* free press. Now what care I for the anathemas of the editorial fraternity? There is not a man who speaks his mind freely from the little ward meeting to the floor of Congress who does not come in for a share of their abuse. Their abuse and ridicule as far as my feelings are concerned fall like rain upon a duck's back, but it is the consequences which may follow to my safety and my life which make their lies of any importance to me, for with the meanness of the midnight assassin they stir up the elements of wrath and forestall me in the minds of the people. They know that the *people* will not hate me if they can hear me unprejudiced, but the people will know them in their true character and will despise them and hate the oppression which they defend.

"The Irish people are told that I am an enemy to Ireland! I know the Irish well, and love them and their oppressed country. *I* an enemy to Ireland! I have always in and out of Parliament been the true friend of that oppressed nation. O'Connell was my friend; with him and introduced by him I have addressed large audiences of Irishmen, in Glasgow and other places. At the last session of Parliament I stood by their cause, and exerted myself to the utmost to prevent the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act in Ireland when a majority of Irish members of Parliament deserted their country and either absented themselves or went over to the side of the government.

"They sometimes take it out of Parliament and make it a leather question! The shoemaker is told to mob me because forsooth the South won't buy shoes of him if he don't! that I am an enemy to his *sole* and shall be at *last* the ruin of him! The manufacturers are told to mob me or the South won't sell them cotton if they go down on their bended knees to beg it! O! could I bare my breast and before the assassin struck could he look in and see the heart which with all its faults never yet beat for any other cause than that of human liberty, he would, methinks, stay his hand and curse the liar and slanderer who had thus misled him!"

Mr. Thompson then read the following letter, which he had received from New York city:

"New York, February 15th, 1851.

"*Mr. George Thompson—Sir:* By the report of the public press, you seem to grieve that you cannot go to see the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, nor the Father of Waters. Now, sir, if you will come on to New York, and lecture on the Negro question; I will, *if you will it*, travel with you South and West, and promise to give you good protection, if you will consent to exhibit yourself, I will run you in opposition to Jenny Lind and Barnum, and give you half the profits and bear all expenses. I am a good deal troubled that a Briton of your stamp should have to go back and not see our glorious Republic. Your conduct upon the *Irish Arms Bill* should be a passport for you wherever Ireland's persecuted sons can be found. I will remember you on that occasion, although absent from that famine stricken land nearly 40 years.

"Thompson it is astonishing that every son of Adam have a soft spot in them, no matter what their talents may be, you were some 15 years ago chased out of the States like a *murderer*, that you should so far forget yourself as to put yourself in such a ridiculous manner before the human race as a *mountebank*. No matter what may be your reward from your Government, a Government of thieves and robbers, as Cobbett once said "England the land of Bibles and of Bastards," you might well know if you have any *brains* that the world combined cannot dismember this government of God's own creation.

"Thompson make tracks as quick as you can, without you accept of my terms.

"John Griffin, 195 Hester St.

"(A Son of Erin.)

"N. B. Thompson, I wish no newspaper notoriety, you can publish this if you choose."

To this Mr. Thompson made the following answer which he also read to the meeting:

"Little Falls, N. Y. Feb. 22, 1851.

"Sir, I have only just received your letter of the 15th instant, for which I thank you, because it affords me the opportunity of removing from your mind an erroneous impression respecting my course in Parliament, on the subject of Ireland. Accept in a candid spirit the explanation I am now about to give you. I was returned to serve in Parliament in 1847. In November of that year we were called together to consider the condition of Ireland. I firmly opposed, both with voice and vote, every measure of coercion proposed by the Government and demanded the entire abolition of the Protestant Establishment—a Bill securing to Tenants their full rights, and the extinction of the last remaining disabilities imposed upon my Catholic brethren on account of their Religion. Throughout three sessions of Parliament, my conduct was the same, and towards the close of the last session of 1850, when most of the Irish members had left London, I moved amendment after amendment, and spoke again and again in resistance to the proposal to continue the unconstitutional powers of the Lord Lieutenant. This I did up to the twelfth hour though without effect. I have never given a vote against Irish liberty in my life, and Ireland never had a firmer friend—as Mr. O'Connel well knew and acknowledged. Remember! there are *three* Thompsons in the House of Commons.

"I will forfeit five hundred dollars, when my name can be produced as a voter *in* or a *speaker out* of Parliament in favor of *any measure* for the coercion of your country, or the abridgement of its liberties.

"You are in error. If you are a true man, you will hasten to do justice to one who can honestly assure you, that there breathes not a man who loves Ireland better than George Thompson."

"Now you see the effect of prejudice upon the mind of the writer of this letter, who honestly thinks I am a traitor to the interests of Ireland. He is not so much to blame for misjudging me; as the hireling dogs of the press, who have slandered me for their own and their masters selfish purposes. I love Ireland, and have never betrayed her interests. I love America, though her people mob me and her legislators outlaw me, and should I fall by the hand of the assassin or be torn in pieces by a mob, perhaps the people will pause and think upon the nature of that Institution which tramples down all that stands in the way of its boundless lust of gold and power, and my death become as I have sought to make my life a benefit to this Nation and to the world. Let me speak God's truth to the people of this country, and the Politician and Office-seeker may have the legislation and welcome; let me talk to the people, and without the shedding of one drop of blood, without commotion, the whole thing will be done; the North shall have trade and more of it; the South shall grow rich in doing right; the planter shall prosper; he shall lie down to rest at night without fear; he shall not find it necessary to place his revolver beneath his pillow, or keep a watch to protect him, but the emancipated slave shall stand around him as a guardian; he shall not be disturbed in his rest by dreams of insurrection, or by that which is far more dreadful, the visions of a coming judgment."

At the close of Mr. Thompson's address, the following resolution was offered to the meeting.

Resolved, That in view of all the circumstances of the case, we believe the recent rescue of the alleged Fugitive Slave in the city of Boston, was fully justified and required by the principles of the Gospel, the Declaration of Independence, the example of our Revolutionary Fathers, and the best interests of our common country. And we regard the conduct of the Executive of the United States in attempting to enforce the "Fugitive Slave Law," while at the same time it has shown no disposition to execute those provisions of the Constitution and laws which were designed to protect Liberty, as more infamous than the conduct of George III. in attempting to enforce upon our Fathers the Stamp act, and a three penny tea-tax; and we tell the President that an administration which stalks into success upon the triumph of that infamous law is destined to terminate like the apostacy of Judas Iscariot and the treason of Benedict Arnold.

This resolution was fully discussed by Mr. Foster and others, and passed almost without a dissenting voice, but three individuals out of four hundred voting against it.

A Mr. Wilcox, with a fool-hardiness which he probably regrets, asked, in a cavilling manner, some questions, and took the stand to answer the Englishman. Bravo! how he taught American History to the "Foreigner," they will not soon forget who were present; and what a poor slinking advocate of Slavery he was when Thompson, laughing while he spoke, answered the questions, and without effort sent the frail structure of his pigmy opponent tumbling about his head. The audience will not cease to recall often a recollection of the fun which they had during the scene. A gentleman who was present advised the chop-fallen hero to "begin practice by lifting the calf every day, and perhaps in time he may succeed in lifting the ox."

The following resolutions were then offered and passed with the same unanimity of feeling with which the first was received:

Resolved, That the meetings held here at this time, and similar meetings, are true Christian gatherings; that we are engaged in doing the will of God as it was done by the Saviour of the world, when He went up and down the land of Judea, healing the sick, feeding the hungry, raising the dead, pleading the cause of the poor, the bound and the oppressed, and who made the doing of like deeds the only test of Christian character, and the only evidence which makes his true and faithful followers.

Resolved, That, as American Citizens, we hail the appearance of Geo. Thompson in this land as a blessing, and we utterly despise and condemn the meanness and wicked spirit which has slandered and defamed him; and while we recognize him as the true friend of America, we hold the authors of these slanders to be the traitors to and the assassins of our own and our country's liberty.

The Convention then adjourned. A large portion had come in from the neighboring towns and villages, many miles over very bad roads, to attend the meeting and hear the world-renowned Orator. They have gone home to carry to their firesides and their neighborhoods the truth which they received; and it is to the honest "common people," the farmers and mechanics, to whom we look for help in the trial hour of Liberty.

Messrs. Franklin, Philleo, Griffin, Whitman, Stowits and others, made liberal arrangements for the meeting, and to their kindness we are much indebted. The keeper of the "Benton House" paid all possible attention to his guests; and on Monday morning we left by Railroad to attend the Convention to be held at "West Winfield."

G. W. F.

From Our Boston Correspondent.

NO. LXXVI.

The Argument—*A Week of History—Shadrach and the fiery furnace—Boston Pacified—Mr. Wright's Examination — Mr. Davis's—Commissioner Hallet—What is expected of him—Mr. Attorney Lunt—Mr. Dana—Mr. Lunt's precarious official health—"The Little Expounder"—Mr. Buffum "states a fact"—Patriotism of Springfield—The Correspondent than—Mob Manufacture—Process—The Homeric Period of Springfield—The Town puts its Foot in it—An anonymous Committeman—Mr. Thompson putteth fleas in their ears—The British Empire Confounded—The triumph—Our enemies our footstool—The parting blessing—A Rail Road punished—A Republican Lie—The Post Scriptum—Calamitous delay of this Epistle—Happenings this week—Experiences of a Commissioner—No slave caught yet—Justice to Marshal Tukey—&c. &c. &c.*

Boston, Feb. 24th, 1851.

I certainly cannot complain this time, as I did last, that I have nothing to say. The only trouble I shall find will be to reduce the multifarious happenings of the last ten days into a portable compass. It has been a week of History,—and very good and instructive History, too. The particulars of the gallant rescue of our modern Shadrach from the fiery furnace into which our Nebuchadnezzars at Washington had appointed him to be cast, you have already given. I have nothing to add to them, not having had the good fortune to see any part of the transaction. But I wish you could have had ocular and auricular demonstration of how beautifully the Compromise Measures of Pacification worked that day, and ever since, for the matter of that. If you could have but witnessed the entire repose into which that blessed lullaby had calmed the general mind after the agitation of the two last years! You should have sent on Mr. George Wood or Mr. Hiram Ketchum ("*Hire 'em Catch 'em!*" surely the old song is wrong that says names always "go by *contraries*") or some fit deputation of your amateur Slavecatchers to have revelled in the beatific quietism. Seriously the excitement was scarcely less than when Dr. Webster was arrested last December, and has been maintained at almost as high a pitch as then. Little else has been talked or thought of. The absurd Proclamation of President Fillmore and the excitement in Congress and throughout the country would make one suppose that a hundred thousand Russians had landed in Boston to subjugate the country and abolish our Republican Institutions, Slavery among the number, instead of a handful of colored men having opened the door of the room hired by the United States as a Court Room, but then used as a Jail, and allowed a human being to walk off with himself. They certainly did their business admirably well and with commendable moderation and humanity.

The whole week was consumed in the examinations of Mr. Elizur Wright and of Charles G. Davis, Esq., as aiders and abettors, before Mr. Commissioner Hallet. Mr. Davis's examination is not yet finished. And as there are some five or six more culprits, that valuable official is provided with business for some time to come. The Court Room is as full all the time as it can hold. The interest keeps up quite as well as during Dr. Webster's trial. Mr. Wright as you know was held for trial; but upon evidence so slight, the circumstances and the character of the witnesses being considered, that it is hardly possible that a Jury taken at large from the District will convict him upon it, even if a Grand Jury can be found to indict him. Many think that the Commissioner will not hold Mr. Davis, his relation as counsel for Shadrach affording an opportunity to make some distinctions in his favor, to which Mr. Wright was not entitled. But I have too good an opinion of the patriotism and hungry instinct of that sagacious gentleman to believe him capable of any such folly. He will fall short of what is justly expected of him by his superiors if he do not keep tight hold of everybody that can be laid hold of, and especially of any one presuming to act as counsel for a runaway nigger, if there be any shadow of a case made out against him. So we shall be furnished with pacification hereabouts for some time to come. Mr. District Attorney Lunt does his best, but he is hardly a match for Mr. Dana (sometimes called "Two Years Before the Mast"); and his success in this matter is understood to be vital to the prolongation of his official life, which they do say is in rather a queasy condition. Men say that Mr. George T. Curtis (usually known on these parts as "*the Little Expounder*" in contradistinction from the Great Expounder Daniel) is on the look-out for the place and is watching Mr. Lunt's proceedings as a cat does those of a mouse, ready to pounce upon him on the first opportunity. This, you will remember, is the individual who issued the warrant on which Shadrach was seized, and whose patriotic tendencies in that direction were checked by the "untoward event" of Saturday.

You remember that Mr. Lunt was the unfortunate politician that was chairman of the Slavery Committee in 1835–6, at the time of Governor Everett's famous Message, and who made himself rememberable by brow-beating Dr. Follen, Mr. May and the other advocates of Free Speech who appeared before him. His Report, although he did not proceed to make the discussion of Slavery a penal offence, was of the worst pro-slavery and offensive character, and was severely criticised by all papers of any pretence to decency and by none more than the one (the Advocate, I think it was called,) edited by Mr. Hallet, the Commissioner now on trial. On Saturday, Lewis Hayden, a colored man whom you and many of your readers well know, was brought up on a complaint that he was concerned in the rescue. Upon bail being called for, James N. Buffum offered himself in that capacity. After the Commissioner had satisfied himself of Mr. Buffum's sufficiency, he said to him, with much courtesy, "Mr. Buffum, I think I have had the pleasure of your acquaintance formerly." "Yes, sir," replied Mr. B., "it was at the time you were chastising Mr. Attorney Lunt so severely in your paper for his pro-slavery behaviour in the Senate! He never "stated a fact" more to the purpose. The Commissioner turned it off, saying,

(as if they could divest themselves of their legal responsibility!), and thus gave the Mob all the motive and encouragement to mischief that ignorance and malice combined could afford. Consequently the owners of that and all other public rooms refused to let us into them. And that proceedings might be perfectly regular, a Lynch Committee, consisting of Messrs. Homer Foote (our readers may be assured that this is an actual name; we could have invented nothing like it), Charles Stearns, and a third who, his name being *Smith*, may be regarded as strictly anonymous, waited on Mr. Thompson with the modest request on the part of those for whom they acted, that he would leave the town unmolested and spare it the disturbance which would inevitably follow an attempt on his part to speak! I have no time to give you such particulars of his conversation with these unfortunates as I remember from his account, not having arrived myself until after the interview was over. But you can easily imagine how such "*a Serpent*" as Mr. Thompson could coil round and crush bone by bone any poor creatures that would put themselves into his power in this absurd way. Though they admitted that they had been treated with entire courtesy, they were glad enough to get away from him, although it was with a flea of the most elephantine dimensions in their respective ears, proportioned to the natural magnitude of those organs.

They succeeded, however, in hindering us from having a meeting that evening. The streets round our hotel, the Hampden House, were filled by riotous boys and drunken men, howling and groaning to the immortal glory of their native land and the inextinguishable confusion of the British Empire. I do not think they had much mischief in them, however. I took a walk through the streets, and had the honor of passing for Mr. Thompson (probably because a report had preceded him, that he was an uncommonly well-looking man), and was escorted by any number of rioters and regaled with any amount of groans and curses for John Bull, and was sometimes slightly hustled, yet no one of them dared lay hand upon me. The next morning (Tuesday) it was quite uncertain whether we could have any place of meeting. At last, however, the Abolitionists, of Springfield succeeded in obtaining a small Hall, to which we repaired, and which was soon crowded to suffocation. Mr. Phillips introduced Mr. Thompson, who spoke with astonishing power and effect. No disturbance was attempted; scarcely the ghost of a hiss dared manifest itself. Judge Morris, of Springfield, made some very animated and just remarks on the state of things in the town and the influences which had caused it. Mr. Quincy and Mr. Phillips concluded the session. In the afternoon, we had the Free Church, a spacious building, which was filled fuller than full. Mr. Quincy said everything that came into his head, apparently, in contempt of the Union and the Constitution, as manifest failures and humbugs. Mr. Phillips followed, and was anything but soothing and conciliatory in his remarks. One of which, attributed by mistake to your Senior Corresponding Editor, is now flying the rounds of the papers. Speaking of Dr. Dewey's assertion that he would send back his own mother into Slavery to save the Union, he said that "if ever a mother deserved to be sent back into Slavery, it would be that of Dr. Dewey for having been capable of conceiving such a monster!" So unsatisfactory, indeed, were his remarks that one of the lieges could not restrain the natural, though somewhat unreasonable, wish "to *hear* that gentleman sit down!" When Mr. Thompson appeared, which was not till after the meeting had been begun for sometime, he was received with loud applause, and soon addressed the great assembly to some purpose. As a specimen of crushing sarcasm, biting satire and overwhelming invective, I doubt whether its equal was ever heard in this country. The manner in which he dealt with the Selectmen of Springfield, the Lynch Committee, and especially the Republican, the Webstero-Ashmuno-Whig paper, which had been busy in creating the disturbance, filling itself with lies about him, and then writing him, in the interval of the meeting, an impertinent letter of inquiry about something he had said in his morning's speech, was transcendantly masterly. He carried his audience along with him in a a surprising manner, and the meeting closed most triumphantly So the result of all the machinations of Webster Whigdom that we should not speak in Springfield was that the town was stirred up as it never was before, and heard an amount of truth about itself and the nation that it would have escaped had the meeting gone off as it was supposed it would, when it was arranged.

In the evening, the noisy demonstrations of the night before were renewed. The mob paraded with drum beating and fifes playing, and burnt an effigy, either of Mr. Thompson or his parent, Mr. Bull, under the windows of our private parlor; the walls of the house, also, were pelted with eggs and mud, and three or four stones of respectable dimensions thrown through our windows. These, properly labelled, together with a copy of the infamous handbill, Mr. Thompson has placed among his treasures as curiosities illustrative of American Institutions. During this evening, as well as previously, we were visited by many Abolitionists from distant towns, and by many of the citizens of the town, who expressed a strong sense of the discredit their doings had brought upon them. A very little effort on the part of the magistrates or well-disposed citizens I think would have been sufficient to have suppressed the disturbance and punished the ringleaders But the leading influences of the town were on the side of the rioters, and in such a case it is seldom that anything effectual is attempted. In speaking of the Selectmen, I should have excepted Mr. Banaon, who protested against the action of the majority. He is the son of an old United Irishman who fled to this country in 1798. The rioters were tired of their fun and took themselves off about nine. After they were gone, and our visitors departed, how late we sat up, and whether we had a merry time or not, will never be told; but, if you know the party, you may possibly form some faint ides. The next morning we separated in different directions, rejoicing at the triumphant manner in which we had trampled our enemies under our feet and made the Selectmen, the Lynch Committee and the Webster Whigs, and Cass Democrats, our footstool.

As Mr. Phillips and I were entering the train that morning, some modest patriot, shrinking from observation in some retired corner threw an egg at us. It missed us, but hit the car, thus fitly punishing it and the Western R. R. company for having brought two such pestilent fellows to the town. I saw on Saturday that the editor of the Springfield Republican, like a sneaking liar, as he is, informed his readers that I was hit by an egg thrown at Mr. Thompson, (who took the train for Albany at a late hour) and "*deprecatingly informed the mob that I was not the man, I was not Mr. Thompson!*" This I contradicted in the Journal, where I first saw it, and the contradiction has been copied by other papers.—D. Y.

P. S.—Boston, March 1st.—The foregoing letter, as your readers may partly gather for themselves, was intended for last week's paper; but as they experienced the calamity of missing it then, they must try and make themselves amends now. The examination of Mr. Davis, as you know, resulted in his discharge. How the Commissioner can answer this to his conscience, the country, the Constitution and the Union I am unable to say. A colored man, Mr. Scott, has been held for trial; and another, Mr. T. P. Smith, is now under examination. To-day Robert Morris, Esq., the colored lawyer, who was of counsel for Shadrach, was arrested as an "Aider." One or two other arrests have been made. I am happy to say that in spite of the Slavecatching enthusiasm of Webster Whiggery sustained by the answering order of Cass Democracy, and the determination that at least *one* nigger shall be carried back from Boston, Boston and Massachusetts are, up to this writing, free from that ignominy. It is well understood that numerous warrants have been issued, and I dare say some people could tell tales of as "hairbreadth 'scapes" as any of that worthy gentleman of color, Othello, were it altogether expedient so to do. But the time will come. Many fugitive slaves have left Boston since the Shadrach excitement, all, it is hoped that were in immediate danger.

I wish to take this opportunity to retract the statement in my last letter that city Marshal Tukey is a candidate for the U S. Marshalship, in case Mr. Devens should be dismissed. I have it from authority I believe unquestionable that this is not the case. So far from it that Mr Tukey absolutely refused to have his name recommended, when he was asked to do so by one of the Committee of Safety that predominates over Boston and decide whose head shall fall and who shall be saved alive. This reparation I am most happy to make for my unintentional misstatement.

LETTER FROM REV. SUMNER LINCOLN.

To the Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard:

Friend Gay:—It would seem from the speeches made at "Union Meetings," and from sermons preached and printed by Doctors of Divinity, that efforts are being made by them to bring into practical favor a doctrine which has great claims to antiquity—a doctrine which was ascribed by his enemies to the apostle Paul and his associated christian preachers, viz: "Let us do evil that good may come." But the apostle repudiates this doctrine as a foul slander, and solemnly declares, that those who embrace this doctrine expose themselves to a just damnation. It would seem, from their speeches and sermons, that these men who profess great reverence for Paul have forgotten or overlooked the fact that Paul thus disclaimed all friendship for such a doctrine, a "doctrine which lies at the foundation of all compromises with moral evil. Who was the author of this doctrine, who first preached it? If we may believe the most ancient history, the sacred record, the author of it was a person called the Serpent and the Father of Lies. He was the first who preached it in Paradise to our first parents. What arguments did he use to induce them to embrace and live out this doctrine? Arguments the same in their character as those used by these D. D's. The good to be gained, "God doth know, that in the day ye eat thereof, then your eyes shall be opened; and ye shall be as Gods, knowing good and evil." When Eve remarked such a course would be a violation of the Law of God, and she should become exposed to a penalty of evil, he assured her not only that all would be safe, but great good to her would be the result. So as she and her husband both had a desire to enlarge their knowledge and improve their condition, they come to the conclusion that it was best to cast the Higher Law aside, obey the lower and thus make a compromise with sin. Some of their descendants, at the present day seem strongly inclined to follow their example, having a great ambition to rise fast and high.

Some seem to talk, as if by the aid of compromises with moral evil, that we as a nation had become so great, so elevated, that their was not any God or divine Constitution that we had not already risen above. Hence, they scout the idea of a law higher than the Constitution of the United States and its pursuant laws. "Men always swear by the greater; and an oath for confirmation is the end of all strife." Hence it is a work of superoragation to inquire after any higher law; yea, it is subjecting an officer of the government to the unpardonable sin of perjury to do so. Great is Diana of the Ephesians!! Dr. Taylor in his Union speech, at New Haven, Connecticut, expresses great astonishment that the question should be even raised in the national hall of legislation, whether the Constitution of the United States was in conflict with the law of God. He says, "When I learned in the newspapers the novel doctrine, that the Constitution of my country was in conflict with the law of my Maker—when I first learned it, I said to myself, is it possible that from the high places,—from our political halls—our halls of legislation—a man in a high and honorable situation can venture to propose such a doctrine as this? Let this doctrine be inculcated—let it be believed at the North, and what may we expect? We may expect rebellion and intestine war." Very terrible! Hence to prevent this dreadful catastrophy we must not agitate this question. This doctrine of a higher law than the Constitution of the United States must be kept out of sight. What is the character of that Constitution or of that law which shrinks from the light of God's Constitution and pursuant laws? If we believe in God—if we acknowledge ourselves subjects of his government—if we ar not atheists, does it not become us to inquire whether the civil government under which we live, and whose laws we help to make and enforce, is in accordance with the law of God? Who is it that does not meet this question? Who but he who is conscious of advocating a human law that makes a compromise with sin, and wishes to have it understood that it is constitutional, and wishes to have it obeyed for the purpose of securing certain kinds and forms of temporal good and to avoid certain evils? He has a compromise with sin, which he is laboring to maintain, and the doctrine that underlies all his arguments is, let us do evil that good may come. This is the doctrine that runs through Dr. Taylors speech, if I understand it; and still it is with great reluctance that I am compelled to believe it of him and other distinguished men, whom I have long greatly reverenced. What else can we make of his illustrations in defending the Fugitive Slave Law? He admits Slavery to be a sin, and then says, after this supposition, that this nation, if threatened with an invasion from a mighty foreign foe, might form an alliance with Spain and secure her aid by agreeing to return her slaves if they should escape to us. This is made a condition with which we must comply to secure her aid. In other words, Spain agrees to help us in a cause we believe to be right, provided, we will help her sustain her system of Slavery which we believe to be wrong. Shall we, ought we to do it? Yes, Dr. T. says, because in so doing we may hope to gain a great good and avoid a great evil. What is this but pleading for the doing of evil that good may come. But O, it is great temporal good that is sought in this compromise! But does that make any difference in point of principle? Is it a sin for me to commit murder to avoid a small evil or to gain a small amount of good, and is it no crime to do the same deed to avert a great evil or to gain a great amount of good? Does the prospect of eminent success in wrong convert wrong into right? Dr. Taylor exclaims, "What! may I not buy a piece of meat of a butcher because he is profane?" No, I answer, if the butcher makes it a condition of sale that you should copy into your speech his profane oaths. If he should prescribe any simple condition on which he proposed to sell your meat, and you should comply with it, then the case in point of principle is parallel with the case of surrendering the fugitive slave. The great plea for this law on the part of those who admit Slavery to be wrong, is the temporal good that will come from obedience—the Union will be preserved, and the evils of a dissolution avoided. Well, the Lord Jesus Christ once had the temptation presented and pressed upon him to make a compromise with moral evil, and not only an unbroken kingdom should be his, but all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. What a great possession, what a glorious union! Only one small condition to be complied with, said his Satanic Majesty, "Just fall down and worship me, and *all* shall be *thine*."

Now, had our Saviour only yielded instead of saying "Get thee behind me Satan," what an argument would our great men have drawn from his example in favor of their favorite doctrine—Let us do evil that good may come. This doctrine when first promulgated by the Father of Lies in the garden of Eden and when embraced by its occupants opened the flood-gates of iniquity on our world; it spreads pollution everywhere it prevails; it is the source of all the cheateries of trade, of all the wicked laws and measures of civil government. It is the father of all the compromises with moral evil made by our National Government from the beginning.—When the war between this country and Mexico commenced, the political party that had the ascendancy in Congress declared that the war was unnecessary and *unjust* Then instead of following their convictions of right, they made a compromise and voted to raise men and money to carry it on. When the war was over, it was ascertained that the only available candidate for the Presidential Chair was the guiding, master-spirit of that unnecessary and unjust war—a man, too, who expressed this opinion of the war. When he sunk from his high seat into the grave, he was canonized a saint of great eminence. The last of all infamous compromises is the Fugitive Slave Law.

May multitudes arise in the spirit of an uncompromising Jesus and save our nation from this pernicious doctrine which is corrupting her to the very core.—"Let justice be done though the heavens fall."

Truly yours,
Sumner Lincoln.

Kensington, N. H., Feb. 25.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION

Held at Union Village, Washington County, N. Y., the 20th and 21st of February, 1851.

The meeting was organized by the appointment of G. R. Lewis, Chairman, and J. Wilde, Secretary.

Prayer by Rev. Mr. Shattock.

A committee was appointed to bring forward names of officers for the convention, consisting of H. Bieglow, J. Griffin, and L. Gibbs, to report at the commencement of the next meeting. The meeting was then addressed by Mr. Foster, who pointed out the iniquity of the Fugitive Slave Bill, in a clear and forcible manner, showing why we should not submit to the powers that be. He was followed by Mrs. Foster, Mr. Putnam, of Massachusets, and others.

It was announced that Thompson had arrived, to attend the convention, which was received with joy; but when it was announced that W. L. Garrison was prevented from being present, on account of his health, the countenance of the audience was changed to a look of regret.

A committee was appointed to report a series of resolutions at a future meeting. The meeting then adjourned at one o'clock P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

At the time adjourned, the church was filled with a very intelligent audience, many of them being from the country. The committee brought forward the names of the officers for the convention, which were Rev. J Miller, President; and D. Leggett and W. R. Shepherd, Vice Presidents; and J. Wilde Secretary. The meeting was very ably addressed by George Thompson, giving an account of his reception at Springfield, Mass.; the character of the mob who trampled under foot the freedom of speech, by trying to deprive them of any place in which to hold their meetings, Homer Foote being at their head; and of the final triumph of the Abolitionists. He stated the object of his mission to this country; that it was not to wage war against our institutions, or any institution based on a righteous foundation; that it was not to separate State from State, church from church, or community from community; that it was not merely for the few millions of slaves in this land of boasted freedom; but that it was to carry out the great idea that man was never created to hold property in his fellow man, or to oppress him; that every man has a right to the fruits of his labor; that if this great idea was carried out to its fullest extent, not only Slavery in the United States, but all the despotisms and monarchies of the Old World would be no more, and then the kingdom of Heaven would be at hand. Objections were raised to his speaking in this country, not because he was a foreigner, but because he preached for the deliverance of the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to those that are bound.

Mr. Thompson was followed by Sojourner Truth, who was once a slave in this State; she made an earnest appeal for the slaveholders. She said they had been talking about the poor slave, and she was going to talk about the poor slaveholder. She wanted to know what would become of him; she feared he would go down to perdition, unless he could be reformed; and felt very much concerned for him; she said the black people had suffered so much in this world, she thought the Almighty would give them an extra touch in the next.

Mrs. Foster next addressed the convention, showing what the Anti-Slavery platform was; and that it was broad enough for all to stand upon, both Whig and Democrat, church members of all denominations, or non-church members. The convention adjourned until half past six.

Pursuant to adjournment, the house was filled with a very intelligent audience, both ladies and gentlemen, more being in attendance from the village, although it rained and was very muddy. The meeting was called to order by the President, and, after singing from the choir of the church, Mr. Thompson again addressed the meeting. He said the meeting was not for any individual or set of individuals, but that it was for all who wished to express their views in regard to Slavery; he expressed a desire that every one would take part and relieve their minds; that free discussion was the only way to arrive at truth, and that he wished to be corrected if he should fall into an error. He stated all that was required to become a member of an Anti-Slavery Society was to do something to make public opinion Anti-Slavery; he said Slavery was wrong under all circumstances where it could be placed; let this principle or idea be carried out in sincerity and truth; let it regulate all our efforts; let it go from heart to heart, from mind to mind, and it will at last overturn every institution and government based upon error; it was on this principle that the great Anti-Slavery movement was carried on in England; he said when Clarkson and his coadjutors first kindled the fires of Anti-Slavery truth, they burned but dimly, but they kept the small flame alive; year after year the flame increased, until they saw the star of freedom arising in the moral horizon. They raised the standard of immediate emancipation. There is no compromise between truth and error; if Slavery is wrong, it demands for immediate abolition. It was this doctrine that overthrew Slavery in the West Indies; we should not be ashamed to preach this doctrine here. Although the Anti-Slavery cause here was once in the hands of twelve, and then in the hands of seventy, it is still onward; the signs of the times are favorable; they indicate a great change in favor of truth, and the downfall of error; the history of the country is full of the potency of truth, and we should take courage; but we cannot look to the politician for the commencement of truth, but we must look for it among the honest hearted common people; it is there where it has its origin, and it will not do to trust it in high places either in Church or State. He said he had been accused of coming here as a British Spy, with British gold in his pocket; but it was all false. He acknowledged that he had been amply paid for pleading for the oppressed, not by dollars and cents, but it had enlarged his views of the principles of truth; unfolded to his mind the true religion that was taught eighteen hundred years ago.

Here he pointed out the object of Christ's mission on earth; that it was to bless mankind, to turn their worship into a purer channel. Some say that Paul sent Onesimus back to his master: Paul sent Onesimus back to his master not as a servant, but as a brother beloved.

He said no man could be a slave; it was contrary to all reasoning; the tyrant may enslave the body, but he cannot enslave the spirit. Frederick Douglass was never a slave; they could enslave his body, but his spirit was never enslaved; even when he was in the stocks, for aught I know, his spirit might have been beyond the foaming waters of the Niagara, or gazing at the North Star from some distant cliff. The infinite wise and glorious God never made man to be a slave, both soul and body; and until God makes man the same as a horse or ox, there can be no property in human species. Slavery is wrong under all circumstances. You talk of a Christian slaveholder; you might just as well talk of a Christian Devil; he may be a Christian in some things, but only in a few; the pious slaveholder may teach his *slaves* the Christian religion, but *he* cannot be a Christian. He said there was no danger of doing right; do right and let the consequences take care of themselves. He loved America; no man loved her better; and it was the love that he had for her that induced him to come here to tell her of her faults; if he had been an enemy of America, if he wished to hasten her downfall, the Anti-Slavery cause would have been the last cause that he would have embraced The last part of his address was seasoned by some very appropriate anecdotes, causing much merriment. He closed after having delivered a very interesting address. The Chair favored the meeting with another Anti-Slavery song, and the meeting adjourned until ten o'clock next morning.

FRIDAY MORNING SESSION.

The Convention met pursuant to adjournment. Prayer by Rev. Mr. Miller. Mrs Foster addressed the convention upon the importance of forming an Anti-Slavery Society, and moved that a committee be appointed to draft a constitution She was followed by Mr. Putnam, of Lynn, Mass., setting forth the importance of such a Society. Mr. Foster next arose and said that there were good material here for such a Society; that it ought not to be a County, but a District Society. He was followed by Mr. Gibbs, who said that such a Society was desirable; that he would do what he could for the formation and promotion of such a Society. He said there was but two plans before the people for the abolition of Slavery; one was that of the Abolitionists, which was for immediate emancipation; and Henry Clay's, which was, when the number of inhabitants were four times the present number, free labor would be so cheap that it would not cost as much as slave labor; therefore, Slavery would be abolished. He pointed out the absurdity of Clay's plan of emancipation. Rev. Mr. Miller expressed a wish that a Society should be formed, and sincerely hoped that measures would immediately be taken to accomplish the object. Mr. Culver made some remarks in favor of the motion; he said the reason that Washington County was so far in advance of other Counties was in consequence of her being first to make a move in the Anti-Slavery cause. Mr. Thompson made a short speech in favor of the motion; pointed out the manner in which similar Societies have succeeded in England; Mr. Carlis said a few words in favor of the motion. The motion was passed by an almost unanimous rising of the assembly, and a committee was appointed.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The church was again filled at the time appointed, although it rained, and the streets being very muddy. An address was delivered by Mr. Culver, commenting upon the course of Mr. Thompson, regretting that he should have been mobbed in this country. Mr. Thompson next addressed the convention: he thought it very strange that the churches in this country should try to shut out the discussion of the subject of Slavery; no man believes that Slavery is a divine institution, still the clergy are opposed to its agitation. The clergy once ruled the mercantile world, but the tables have turned; the mercantile men rule the clergy. Mr. Foster arose and said that his creed was, Love the Lord thy God with all thy mind, might and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself; and any church that would not allow its members to do this, was not a Christian church. When a church should be based on this the true Christian foundation, he would do all in his power to promote it, but all the churches were directly or indirectly supporting Slavery. He was misunderstood by many of the audience, who thought their churches could not be in the wrong; therefore, he brought down a heavy curse upon him, by those who love their creed better than truth.

The Constitution for a District Anti-Slavery Society for the Counties of Saratoga, Washington and Rensselaer, was called for, and, after a protracted discussion, it was adopted.

EVENING SESSION.

Business commenced by reading of the following resolutions, prepared by the committee, which were adopted without a dissentlng voice:

1st. Resolved, That as American Slavery is a system of iniquities the vilest the sun ever shown upon, we deem it the imperative duty of every inhabitant of this land, to use their earnest and untiring efforts for its overthrow, by every means which their judgment and conscience would approve, were they themselves its chattelized victims.

2nd. Resolved, That while the claimants of the slave reside at the South, the actual slaveholders are at our own doors; for it is incontestibly true that the chains must fall from the limbs of the bondman were they not riveted by a false and recreant public sentiment at the North.

3d. Resolved, That, in the recent disgraceful proceeding at Springfield, we recognize a stab, aimed not at the person of George Thompson, but at the sacred cause of Liberty, Justice, Humanity, Truth and Right—a stab aimed not by the pitiable misguided youth and grown up boys, who were made the cat's paw of the occasion, but by the respectability (?) the leaders in Church and State, who have the meanness to do that by influence, by proxy, which they have not the manliness to do in person.

4th. Resolved, That "since the wrath of men may be made to praise God," so we trust this exhibition of the character of those influences which wound public opinion at the North, will tend to open the eyes of the people to the demoralizing character of that institution which produces such results; and thus the midnight yells, and murder-threatening violence of a mob will prove to be louder Anti-Slavery preaching than the voice of freedom's wisest champion.

5th. Resolved, That we repudiate with utter loathing and abhorrence that spurious miscalled patriotism, which welcomes the rights of an Irving in the low servility of those foreigners, who stoop to pander to our very vices, and rejects the kind and faithful rebukes of the friend whose truthful heart loves us too well to flatter.

6. Resolved, that with emotions of no ordinary character, we welcome to the Empire State, and to a participation in our labor, the world-wide philanthropist, and distinguished advocate of Universal Emancipation, George Thompson; and instead of allowing him to be branded as an incendiary, or a foreign emissary, we would take him to our homes and our hearts, as a brother beloved, bidding him God-speed in his noble efforts for the elevation of man wherever found, without respect to geographical lines, sectional peculiarities, party distinctions, sectarian limits, or complexioned differences; and we would say to our fellow-citizens where his lot may be cast, if you leave vacant the seats you might occupy under his sublime teachings, you lose a treasure which you cannot estimate or regain.

7th. Resolved, That Henry Clay, by his late infamous and abominable course in respect to the persecution and expatriation of the free colored people of this country has proved himself unworthy to be the member of any sect, or the leader of any political party in the United States.

Mrs. Foster addressed the Convention, saying it was of no use to look to the Government for aid; it had always been used to carry out the designs of the Slave Power. The South was richer than the North, and would carry her points. She had fifteen hundred millions of dollars in human souls; with this property and other property the South is richer than the North—therefore the slaveholders monopolize the interests of the Government and people; they have the control of all the interests of the people; they control the President, and the President has more than six million dollars worth of offices in his power, and he can buy up as many as will carry out any measure which he choses; consequently he rules the Government, and the Government the people of the North. The Slave Power has always dictated the President which should be put in the Chair; the South has ruled and will rule as long as the Union lasts; every one who wants to get an office must bow down before the Southern Idol. It is of no use to form another political party, for as soon as it is large enough it will be used up by political demagogues. We shall go on giving more and more to the Slave Power until a new Government shall be formed for the protection of universal liberty and the sacred rights of man.

Mr. Thompson arose and said he was often asked why he came to this country to agitate the question of Slavery, while they had so many slaves at home. He thought every one had a right to chose his own field of labor; a right to do what they think best, that will do the most good. You have no objection to any one coming here and depositing their property to make a fortune. No one is afraid of a foreigner's interference but the friends of Slavery. He did not wish to cover up the sins, but wished to serve his country; but there is not a slave throughout all the realms of Great Britain; "Slaves cannot breathe in England." I do not wish to say that there is no poverty there. I pity the oppressed of England, but there is no person in that country, even the most destitute, who is as bad off as your slaves; they own their own bones and muscles; they have their own liberty, no one has a right to sever their family ties, but it is not so with the American slave. There is no virtue in loving liberty ourselves, for who does not love liberty. For liberty you fought and obtained your independence; where is there a spot where man does not love liberty? Virtue consists in giving liberty to others I come here to promote your liberty in the liberty of the slave. You are doing a great wrong to liberty throughout the world. What right have you to stop the progress of this heaven-born principle. You have no right, but do it without permission or Divine authority. Slavery here has greatly retarded the progress of Democracy in the Old World, and of those principles which would banish destitution there.

Here he exhorted them to do right. There is no danger in doing right; the danger consists in doing wrong. Nothing is safer than to do right—sow the right seed and it will bring forth the right kind of fruit; do not be ashamed to do right, and let the consequences take take care of themselves. Preserve the principle pure and we can well do something for the slave. Fear not the agitation; there was never a great principle launched but what it made a great commotion.

Mr. Thompson expressed his sincere thanks for the attention with which he had been heard through the sittings of the Convention. A resolution was passed thanking the citizens for their kind hospitality in entertaining those who came from a distance to attend the Convention, also for the proprietors of the church. After music from the choir, the Convention adjourned without date.

The Convention was held in the Congregational Church, which was a very good place except it was rather small, but no other could be obtained. Through all the sittings of the Convention the weather was very disagreeable—raining most of the time, which prevented the attendanee of many from the country; but during the meetings the church was generally filled with a very intelligent and attentive audience, with as good a share of fine-looking ladies as any other place can boast of. All who attended seemed highly pleased with the exercises, even the speakers themselves. Thompson said he had not attended a more interesting Convention or meeting since he had been in this country. All passed off with great regularity and to the satisfaction of the true lovers of Universal Liberty.

J. WILDE, *Sec'y.*

To Correspondents.

E. G. Package at 21 Cornhill.

E. Q. His Dispatch was too late to answer its purpose without causing more delay than seemed necessary.

Miscellaneous News.

Attempted Arrest of Fugitive Slaves in Pennsylvania.—For several days there have been among us several persons from the South, in quest of fugitive slaves. During the time, the subject has been the topic of almost general conversation. There have been in the community, it is supposed, several slaves, now being looked after. Eleazer Cary, the Commissioner under the Fugitive Slave Law, has, with his usual energy and promptness, rendered the pursuers every assistance in his power. But as yet, his efforts have not been successful. At one time it was said about two hundred blacks were congregating together, and part of them armed. A military company was called out by the Commissioner, and marched to the appointed place. Their object was to protect the officer in the execution of the Commissioner's writ. Finding no colored men, the military returned and were dismissed. We learn that two Southern men drove down to the residence of Jameson Harvey, in the lower part of Plymouth, a few days since, where they had learned a fugitive was employed. They met him as he was returning to Harvey's with a team. One of the men seized one of the horses and attempted to stop the team. The black swung his whip, when the horses sprung forward and the man holding one of them fell, and rolled down a hill they were ascending. The black thus made his escape. The pursuers mounted their own wagon, and made chase. Ascending another hill, one of their own horses fell down, and rolling over broke the wagon, and thus the black made good his retreat to the house of Harvey. As he entered, the two men approached the house hastily, with cocked pistols in hand. The black, aided by a female who happened to be there at the time, fastened the doors. He then fled to his bedroom, where he armed himself with two loaded pistols. The family were greatly terrified at this display of fire-arms and scarcely in their affright knew what they could or ought to do. Mr. Harvey, who had occasion to go to his store near by, was sent for by the men, who made some demand of him. He had learned that the black had said he would not be taken—that he was armed, and that his feelings were worked up into a state of desperation. The pursuers being also armed, and the family greatly alarmed, Harvey assured them he would make no resistance, nor aid to prevent their arresting the black; but that he could not tolerate the thought of a murder being committed in his house. The men returned to town without the black, and made preparation to prosecute Harvey at Williamsport, Afterward, learning that the slave was valued at $600, and Harvey, not knowing whither he had gone, offered to give the men $600, if they would manumit the slave. This they refused to take, preferring to pursue Harvey with the law.—*Wilksbarre (Pa.) Advocate, Feb.* 12.

——The Fugitive Slave Riot in Boston—Official Correspondence.—The following letters from the War and Navy Departments have been transmitted to the proper officers of Boston, giving the necessary directions what course to pursue, should there be an attempted reenactment of the late rescue of a fugitive slave in that city:—

War Department,
Washington, Feb. 17, 1851.

Sir: Information has just been communicated to the President that a number of persons, principally people of color, in the city of Boston, did, a few days since, combine to prevent the execution of the law providing for the arrest of fugitive slaves, and did forcibly rescue a slave who had been arrested, from the officers of justice. It is possible that the city authorities may find it necessary to call in military force to aid in the execution of the law. If such should be the case, and the marshal or any of his deputies shall exhibit to you the certificate of the circuit or district judge of the United States in the State of Massachusetts, stating that, in his opinion, the aid of a military force is necessary to insure the due execution of the laws, and shall require your aid and that of the troops under your command as a part of the *posse comitatus*, you will place under the direction and control of the marshal, yourself and such portion of your command as may be deemed adequate to the purpose. If neitheir the circuit nor the district judge should be in the city of Boston when the exigency above referred to shall occur, the written certificates of the marshal alone will be deemed sufficient for you to afford the requisite aid.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,
C. M. Conrad, Secretary of War.

Brevet Major George A. Thomas, commanding officer, Fort Independence, Boston Harbor, Massachusetts.

Various letters have passed between the Navy Department and the federal and city authorities at Boston, during the past year. The following is the last despatch which was communicated to the Senate:—

Navy Department, Feb. 17, 1851.

Sir:—The Department has received information that a prisoner, arrested as a fugitive slave in Boston, was forcibly rescued from the deputy of the Marshal of that district, on Saturday last, by lawless violence in the very seat of justice of that city. When we had last advices, he had not been re-captured. It, therefore, becomes necessary to take immediate measures for the execution of the law in this, and all similar cases; and whilst it is hoped that the civil officers will stand in need of no military assistance from the forces of the United States, you are instructed that, if the Marshal, or any of his deputies charged with the service of process by competent authority, shall produce to you the certificate of the justice or district judge of the United States that in his opinion, combinations against the execution of the law of the United States exist in that district, too powerful to be overcome by the civil authority, you will promptly order the marines, or any other force under your command, to accompany and aid the Marshal in making arrests, in preventing rescue, or in re-capturing any person who has escaped, or been rescued, by virtue of any process in his hands. If, however, neither the justice nor district judge shall be present in the city of Boston, at the time when a call for such assistance shall be made, you will then act upon the like certificate from the Marshal or deputy, and render the aid required.

To avoid any excess of authority, you will, in all such cases, direct the officer in command of the force herein described, to receive, while on this service, the orders of the Marshal or deputy, and act only in strict obedience thereto.—I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant WILL. A. GRAHAM.

Commodore John Downes, ecmmandant United States navy yard, Massachusetts.

——Fugitive Slave Case in Pottsville.—The first manifestation of excitement on this subject, in Pottsville, occurred on Wednesday of last week, among the colored portion of the population, on the appearance of two officers from Baltimore, in search of an alleged Fugitive Slave, the wife of a man named Brown. She eluded pursuit, however, and escaped to Port Carbon. On Thursday morning, the officers followed, when a number of colored men collected in and around the house to which she had been conveyed, and prevented the officers from entering. She afterward effected her escape, in company with several other colored persons. The matter elicited very little excitement, and few white persons have cared to trouble themselves about it.—*Phil. Ledger.*

DEATHS.

Houston.—In this city, suddenly, on Sunday morning, March 2, of convulsions, Herriott Brown Houston, aged 6 years and 7 months, eldest daughter of James A. Houston, M. D., deceased.

Williams.—On Feb 24, of inflammation of the lungs, Ransom G. Williams, aged 39.

Powers.—At Sandusky City, Ohio, on Feb. 24, Mary Powers, sister of Millard Fillmore.

Mass Anti-Slavery Conventions.

The Friends of Freedom in the State of New York will hold a series of

MASS CONVENTIONS,

In the following places:

Union Village, Washington County, Thursday and Friday, Feb. 20th and 21st.

West Winfield, Herkimer County, Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 25th and 26th.

Peterboro, Madison County, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28th and March 1st

Syracuse, Wednesday and Thursday, March 5th and 6th.

Auburn, Friday and Saturday, March 7th and 8th.

Rochester, Thursday and Friday, March 13th and 14th.

☞ Among the distinguished speakers engaged to attend these Convention are GEORGE THOMPSON, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, ABBY KELLY FOSTER, STEPHEN S. FOSTER and others; and it is expected that several of them will be attended by GERRIT SMITH and SAMUEL J. MAY.

Liberty Bell for 1851.

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The work is being published in Semi-monthly Numbers, of 64 pages each, exclusive of the Steel engravings, and, when not taken in connection with the Reviews or Blackwood, is sold at 25 Cents each, or $5 for the entire work in numbers, of which there will be at least twenty-two:

The British Periodicals Re-published are as follows, viz.:

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conserv'e),
THE EDINGBURG REVIEW (Whig),
THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free-Church),
THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal), and
BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory)

Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet but a small portion of their contents is deyoted to political subjects. It is their *literary* character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand confessedly far above all other journals of their class. *Blackwood*, still under the masterly guidance of *Christopher North*, maintains its ancient celebrity, and is, at this time, unusually attractive, from the serial works of Bulwer and other literary notables, written for that magazine, and first appearing in its columns both in Great Britain and in the United States. Such works as "The Caxtons" and "My New Novel" (both by Bulwer), "My Peninsular Medal," "The Green Hand, and other serials, of which numerous rival editions are issued by the leading publishers in this country, have to be reprinted by those publishers from the pages of Blackwood, after it has been issued by Messrs. Scott & Co., so that Subscribers to the Reprint of that Magazine may always rely on having the earliest reading of these fascinating tales.

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Poetry.

Timbuctoo.

THE CAMBRIDGE PRIZE POEM FOR 1829.

BY A. TENNYSON, OF TRINITY COLLEGE.

Deep in that lion-haunted inland lies
A mystic city, goal of high emprise.
Chapman.

TIMBUCTOO.

I stood upon the mountain which o'erlooks
The narrow seas, whose rapid interval
Parts Afric from green Europe, when the Sun
Had fallen below th' Atlantic, and above
The silent heavens were blenched with fairy light
Uncertain whether fairy light or cloud,
Flowing Southward, and the chasms of deep, deep blue
Slumbered unfathomable, and the stars
Were flooded over with clear glory and pale.
I gazed upon the sheeny coast beyond,
There where the Giant of old Time infix'd
The limits of his prowess, pillars high
Long time erased from earth: even as the Sea
When weary of wild inroad buildeth up
Huge mounds whereby to stay his yeasty waves.
And much I mused on legends quaint and old
Which whilome won the hearts of all on earth
Toward their brightness, e'en as flame draws air;
But had their being in the heart of man
As air is th' life of flame: and thou wert then
A center'd glory-circled memory,
Divinest Atalantis, whom the waves
Have buried deep, and thou of later name,
Imperial Eldorado, roof'd with gold:
Shadows to which, despite all shock of change,
All on-set of capricious accident,
When clung with yearning hope which would not die.
As when in some great city where the walls
Shake, and the streets with ghastly faces throng'd,
Do utter forth a subterranean voice,
Among the inner columns far retired
At midnight, in the lone Acropolis,
Before the awful Genius of the place
Kneels the pale Priestess in deep faith, the while
Above her head the weak lamp dips and winks
Unto the fearful summoning without:
Nathless she ever clasps the marble knees,
Bathes the cold hand with tears, and gazeth on
Those eyes which wear no light but that wherewith
Her phantasy informs them.

Where are ye
Thrones of the Western wave, fair Islands green?
Where are your moonlight halls, your cedarn glooms,
The blossoming abysses of your hills?
Your flowering capes, and your gold sanded bays
Blown round with happy airs of odorous winds?
Where are the infinite ways, which, seraph-trod,
Wound thro' your great Elysian solitudes,
Whose lowest deeps were, as with visible love,
Filled with divine effulgence, circumfused
Flowing between the clear and polished stems,
And ever circling round their emerald cones
In coronals and glories, such as gird
The unfading foreheads of the Saints in Heaven?
For nothing visible, they say, had birth
In that blest ground, but it was played about
With its peculiar glory. Then I raised
My voice and cried, "Wide Afric, doth thy Sun
Lighten, thy hills enfold a city as fair
As those which starr'd the night o' the elder world?
Or is the rumor of thy Timbuctoo
A dream as frail as those of ancient time?"
A curve of whitening, flashing, ebbing light!
A rustling of white wings! the bright descent
Of a young Seraph! and he stood beside me
There on the ridge, and look'd into my face
With his unutterable, shining orbs.
So that with hasty motion I did veil
My vision with both hands, and saw before me
Such color'd spots as dance athwart the eyes
Of those, that gaze upon the noonday Sun.
Girt with a zone of flashing gold beneath
His breast, and compass'd round about his brow
With triple arch of everchanging bows,
And circled with the glory of living light
And alternation of all hues, he stood.
"O child of man, why muse you here alone
Upon the Mountain, on the dreams of old
Which fill'd the earth with passing loveliness,
Which flung strange music on the howling winds
And odours rapt from remote Paradise?
Thy sense is clogg'd with dull mortality;
Thy spirit fetter'd with the bond of clay:
Open thine eyes and see."

I look'd, but not
Upon his face, for it was wonderful
With its exceeding brightness, and the light
Of the great Angel Mind which look'd from out
The starry glowing of his restless eyes.
I felt my soul grow mighty, and my spirit
With supernatural excitation bound
Within me, and my mental eye grew large
With such a vast circumference of thought,
That in my vanity I seemed to stand
Upon the outward verge and bound alone
Of full beatitude. Each failing sense,
As with a momentary flash of light,
Grew thrillingly distinct and keen. I saw
The smallest grain that dappled the dark earth.
The indistinctest atom in deep air
The Moons's white cities, and the opal width
Of her small glowing lakes, her silver heights
Unvisited with dew of vagrant cloud,
And the unsounded, undescended depth
Of her black hollows. The clear galaxy
Shorn of its hoary lustre, wonderful
Distinct and vivid with sharp points of light,
Blaze within blaze, an unimagin'd depth
And harmony of planet-girded suns
And moon-encircled planets, wheel in wheel,
Arch'd the wan sapphire Nay—the hum of men,
Or other things talking in unknown tongues,
And notes of busy life in distant worlds
Beat like a far wave on my anxious ear.
A maze of piercing, trackless, thrilling thoughts,
Involving and embracing each with each
Rapid as fire, inextricably link'd,
Expanding momently with every sight
And sound which struck the palpitating sense,
The issue of strong impulse, hurried through
The riven rapt brain; as when in some large lake
From pressure of descendent crags; which lapse
Disjointed, crumbling from their parent slope
At slender interval, the level calm
Is ridg'd with restless and increasing spheres
Which break upon each other, each th' effect
Of separate impulse, but more fleet and strong
Than its precursor, till the eye in vain
Amid the wild unrest of swimming shade
Dappled with hollow and alternate rise
Of interpenetrated arc, would scan,
Definite around.

I know not if I shape
These things with accurate similitude
From visible objects, for but dimly now
Less vivid than a half-forgotten dream,
The memory of that mental excellence
Comes o'er me, and it may be I entwine
The indecision of my present mind
With its past clearness, yet it seems to me
As even then the torrent of quick thought
Absorbed me from the nature of itself
With its own fleetness. Where is he, that bore
Adown the sloping of an arrowy stream,
Could link his shallop to the fleeting edge,
And muse midway with philosophic calm
Upon the wondrous laws which regulate
The fierceness of the bounding element.
My thoughts which long had grovell'd in the slime
Of this dull world, like dusky worms which house
Beneath unshaken waters, but at once
Upon some earth-awakening day of Spring
Do pass from gloom to glory, and aloft
Winnow the purple, bearing on both sides
Double display of starlit wings, which burn
Fan-like and fibred with intensest bloom;
Ev'n as my thoughts, erewhile so low, now felt
Unutterable buoyancy and strength
To bear them upwards through the trackless fields
Of undefined existence far and free.
Then first within the South methought I saw
A wilderness of spires, and chrystal pile
Of rampart upon rampart, dome on dome,
Illimitable range of battlement
On battlement, and the Imperial height
Of canopy o'ercanopied.
Behind
In diamond light upsprung the dazzling peaks
Of Pyramids, as far surpassing earth's
As heaven than earth is fairer. Each aloft
Upon his narrow'd eminence bore globes
Of wheeling suns, or stars, or semblances
Of either, showering circular abyss
Of radiance. But the glory of the place
Stood out a pillar'd front of burnished gold
Interminably high, if gold it were
Or metal more etherial, and beneath
Two doors of blinding brilliance, where no gaze
Might rest, stood open, and the eye could scan,
Through length of porch and valve and boundless hall,
Part of a throne of fiery flame wherefrom
The snowy skirting of a garment hung,
And glimpse of multitudes of multitudes
That minister'd around it—if I saw
These things distinctly, for my human brain
Stagger'd beneath the vision, and thick night
Came down upon my eyelids, and I fell.
With ministering hand he raised me up:
Then with a mournful and ineffable smile,
Which but to look on for a moment filled
My eyes with irresistible sweet tears,
In accents of majestic melody,
Like a swoll'n river's gushings in still night
Mingled with floating music, thus he spake:
"There is no mightier Spirit than I to sway
The heart of man: and teach him to attain
By shadowing forth the Unattainable;
And step by step to scale that mighty stair
Whose landing-place is wrapt about with clouds
Of glory of heaven.* With earliest light of Spring,
And in the glow of sallow Summertide,
And in red Autumn when the winds are wild
With gambols, and when full-voiced Winter roofs
The headland with inviolate white snow,
I play about his heart a thousand ways,
Visit his eyes with visions, and his ears
With harmonies of wind and wave and wood,
—Of winds which tell of waters, and of waters
Betraying the close kisses of the wind—
And win him unto me; and few there be
So gross of heart who have not felt and known
A higher than they see: They with dim eyes
Behold me darkling. Lo! I have given thee
To understand my presence, and to feel
My fullness; I have fill'd thy lips with power.
I have raised thee nigher to the spheres of heaven,
Man's first, last home: and thou with lavish'd sense
Listenest the lordly music flowing from
Th' illimitable years. I am the Spirit,
The permeating life which courseth through
All the intricate and labyrinthine veins
Of the great vine of Fable, which, outspread
With growth of shadowing leaf and clusters rare,
Reacheth to every corner under heaven,
Deep-rooted in the living soil of truth;
So that men's hopes and fears take refuge in
The fragrance of its complicated glooms,
And cool impleached twiligits. Child of man,
See'st thou yon river whose translucent wave
Forth issuing from the darkness, windeth through
The argent streets o' th' city, imaging
The soft inversion of her tremulous domes,
Her gardens frequent with the stately palm,
Her pagods hung with music of sweet bells,
Her obelisks of ranged chrysolite,
Minarets and towers? Lo! how he passeth by
And gulphs himself in sands, as not enduring
To carry through the world those waves, which bore
The reflex of my city in their depths.
Oh city! oh latest throne! where I was raised
To be a mystery of loveliness
Unto all eyes, the time is well-nigh come
When I must render up this glorious home
To keen Discovery: soon yon brilliant towers
Shall darken with the waving of her wand;
Darken, and shrink and shiver into huts,
Black specks amid a waste of dreary sand,
Low-built, mud-wall'd, barbarian settlements:
How changed from this fair city!"
Thus far the Spirit:
Then parted heaven-ward on the wing; and I
Was left alone on Calpe, and the moon
Had fallen from the night, and all was dark!

*"Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPORT.

BY C. MACKAY.

Bear lightly on their foreheads, Time!
Strew roses on their way,
The young in heart, however old,
That prize the present day,
And, wiser than the pompous proud,
Are wise enough to play.

I love to see a man forget
His blood is growing cold,
And leap, or swim, or gather flowers,
Oblivious of his gold,
And mix with children in their sport,
Nor think that he is old.

I love to see the man of care
Take pleasure in a toy;
I love to see him row or ride,
And tread the grass with joy,
Or hunt the flying cricket-ball
As lusty as a boy.

All sports that spare the humblest pain,
That neither maim nor kill;
That lead us to the quiet field,
Or to the wholesome hill,
Are duties which the pure of heart
Religiously fulfil.

Though some may laugh that full-grown men
May frolic in the wood,
Like children let adrift from school—
Not mine the scornful mood—
I honor human happiness,
And deem it gratitude.

And though perchance the Cricketer,
Or Chinaman that flies
His Dragon-kite with boys and girls,
May seem to some unwise,
I see no folly in their play,
But sense that underlies.

The road of life is hard enough,
Bestrewn with slag and thorn,
I would not mock the simplest joy
That made it less forlorn,
But fill its evening path with flowers
As fresh as those of morn.

'Tis something when the noon has pass'd,
To brave the touch of Time—
And say, "Good friend, thou harm'st me not,
My soul is in its prime—
Thou canst not chill my warmth of heart;
I carol while I climb."

Give us but health and peace of mind,
Whate'er our clime or clan,
We'll take delight in simple things,
Nor deem that sports unman;
And let the proud, who fly no kites,
Despise us if they can!

Miscellany.

From Dickens' 'Household Words.'

THE

Private History of the Palace of Glass.

On New Year's Day, in the year 1837, a traveller was proceeding, in a native boat, on a difficult exploration up the river Berbice, in Demerara, when, on arriving at a point where the river expanded and formed a currentless basin, his attention was attracted to the southern margin of the lake by an extraordinary object. He caused his crew to paddle quickly towards it. The nearer he approached, the higher his curiosity was raised. Though an accomplished botanist, and especially familiar with the Flora of South America, he had never seen anything like it before. It was a Titanic water-plant, in size and shape unlike any other known plant. "I felt as a botanist," says Sir Robert Schomburgk, "and felt myself rewarded! All calamities were forgotten. A gigantic leaf, from five to six feet in diameter, salver-shaped, with a broad rim, of a light-green above, and a vivid crimson below, rested upon the water! Quite in character with the wonderful leaf was the luxuriant flower, consisting of an immense number of petals, passing in alternate tints from pure white to rose and pink" [and, in some instances, measuring fifteeen inches across]. "The smooth water was covered with blossoms, and, as I rowed from one to the other, I always observed something new to admire."

Such flowers Polyphemus must have gathered for Galatea's nosegay; but Sir Robert Schonburgk, not content with mere flowers, dug up whole plants; and sent first them, and afterwards seeds, to England, where the magnificent lilly was named the "Victoria Regia." After some unsuccessful attempts, the task of forcing it to blossom in an artificial climate, was confided to Mr. Paxton, the celebrated horticulturist of the Duke of Devonshire's celebrated Chatsworth.

Mr. Paxton—a man of high scientific attainments—is not a mere academic *savant*. *His* Alma Mater is nature. When the Victoria Regia was to be flowered, Mr. Paxton determined to imitate Nature so closely as to make that innocent offspring of the Great Mother fancy itself back again in the broad waters and under the burning heats of British Guiana. He deceived the roots by imbedding them in a hillock of burned loam and peat; he deluded the great lubberly leaves by letting them float in a tank, to which he communicated, by means of a little wheel, the gentle ripple of their own tranquil river; and he coaxed the flower into bloom by manufacturing a Berbician climate in a tiny South America, under a glass case.

With that glass case our history properly commences. In imitation of a philosophic French Cook, who began a chapter on stewed apples with an essay on the Creation, we have thought it wise to start with the parentage and gestation, before proceeding to the birth and development of the Great Giant in Hyde Park; for by a curious apposition, the first parent of the most extensive building in Europe was the largest known floral stucture in the world. Although, co-relatively, they differ as widely as the popular disparity of St Paul's and a China orange; yet the one proceeded from the other, as consequently as oaks grow from acorns.

Mr. Paxton had already effected many improvements in horticultural buildings; the workmanship of which has always been unnecessarily massive. With the conviction that glass houses are not Egyptian tombs built for darkness and eternity, he set about making them lighter than of old, both as regards actinism and architecture. He discarded as much as practicable all ponderous and opake materials. He pared away all clumsy sash-bars, whose broad shadows robbed plants of the sun's light and heat during the best parts of the day; he abolished dirty and leaking overlaps, by using large panes, and inserting them in wooden grooves, rendered water-tight by a sparing use of putty. Lastly, finding that into the ordinary sloping roof the sunbeams enter, at an indirect and unprofitable angle, Mr. Paxton invented a horizontal glazing composed of angular ridges, the glass presenting itself to the sun's ray's so as to admit them to the plants in a straight line at almost any time of day; but especially early and late.

In a green-house constructed with some of these improvements, and acclimated as we have already explained, a Victoria Regia was planted on the tenth of August, 1849. So well had everything been prepared for its reception, that it flourished as vigorously as if it had been restored to its native soil and climate. Its growth and development were astonishingly rapid; for on the ninth of November a flower was produced, a yard in circumference! In little more than a month after, the first seeds ripened, some of them were tilled, and on the sixteenth of February succeeding, young plants made their appearance. Success, however, brought a fresh embarrassment. The extraordinary lily obeyed Nature's law of development with such unexpected rapidity, that it outgrew the dimensions of its home in little more than a month. It therefore set Mr. Paxton a problem to solve; the formula of which was something like this: Given, an exotic growing in a greeen-house, at the rate of six hundred and forty-seven sqare inches of circumference per diem: required, in three months, a new house of dimensions proper for its maturity!

Mr. Paxton went to work; and, combining all his improvements in constructing green-houses, with his special inventions for maturing the Victoria Regia, he very soon produced the "Q. E. D.," in the shape of a novel and elegant conservatory, sixty feet long by forty broad. This building became the immediate precursor of the gigantic structure in Hyde Park—*why* necessitates a short explanation.

Among the many desiderata required for every kind of habitation — whether it be designed for plants or princes, for a pine-house or a palace, for the Victoria Regia, or for the enormous glass case under which to collect the products of All Nations—the most imperative conditions, after stability, are perfect facilities for drainage and for ventilation; another, though scarcely subordinate proviso, is economy. The man who can construct houses which shall repel external humidity, and allow of a constant and gentle change of atmosphere at any controllable temperature, and at the lowest cost consistent with durability, is, of course, the prince of builders. Now, in order to be economical, he must necessarily so manage, that each of his materials shall perform as many different functions as it is possible for it to perform effectually. It he builds walls which answer for warmth and stremth only, if he add gutters for drainage, and if he call in Dr. Reid for ventilation, he may, probably, build a good habitation, but it will certainly be a costly, perhaps a clumsy one; and will turn out a very long job. Mr. Paxton, when he set about the new Victoria Regia house—guided by previous study and experience, and forced into new expedients by the peculiarities of the extraordinary tenant he was building for—had become a better economist. The result is, as shown in his latest effort—the great Building—that his walls and foundations are not simply walls and foundations, but ventilators and drains as well. His roofs are not simply roofs; but, besides being the most extensive of known sky-lights, are light and heat adjusters. His sash-bars do not only hold the glass together, but are self-supporting, and his rafters form perfect drains for both sides of the glass—for draining off internal, as well as external moisture, whilst the tops of the girders are conduits also. His floors are dust-traps, and aid in ventilation. Lastly, his whole building is, while in course of construction, its own scaffolding. Thus he saves time as well as money.

The Victoria Regia house, which combines most of the advantages above detailed, was finished in several weeks' less time, and cost considerably less money, than the slenderest old-fashioned conservatory that has ever been built.

While Mr. Paxton was busy with this novel and model garden-house, a hot war was raging in London about a site for the new building for exhibiting specimens of the Art and Industry of all nations in 1851. Mr. Paxton is a reader of the "Times," and perused with sympathizing interest its fiercely-urged objections against the invasion of Hyde Park by armies of excavators, bricklayers, blacksmiths, and timber-fellers. The picture daily drawn of the tearing-up of fashionable roads by the carting of more bricks and mortar (for, mark, a *temporary* edifice) than the eternal Pyramids of Ghizeh consist of; the cutting down from one side of Rotten Row of its most cherished ornaments, the trees; the uncertainty of miles of brickwork being put together in time for sufficient consolidation to bear the weight of the tremendous iron dome designed to rest upon it; the impossibility of the entire mass of mortar and plaster duly drying: All this, though occasionally overdrawn and exaggerated, presented a black perspective, which the means and appliances of the Victoria Regia conservatory would, thought its architect, considerably lighten, or altogether obviate. Every new thunderbolt from the newspaper *Tonans*, strengthened this notion in the projector's mind. All that was wanted, was a great many lily-houses joined together. A multiplication of hands and of materials could be readily commanded, and no structure could be raised so quickly and so cheaply. The promenaders and neighbors of Hyde Park would be relieved of the incessant "click—click" of bricklayers' trowels, the maddening noise of the blacksmiths' rivetting-hammers, and have perfect immunity from the hourly transit of bricks and scaffold-poles. The proposed edifice could be constructed at Birmingham, at Dudley, and at Thames Bank, "brought home" to Hyde Park ready-made, and put up like a bedstead. As to the trees: for a couple of hundred pounds Mr. Paxton would transplant them, and bring them back again at the end of the Industrial fair without injuring a single twig. And here we may remark, in passing, that, according to Horace Walpole, Mr. Paxton is half a century before his time in his huge transplanting operations. In August, 1748, the Twickenham Prophet wrote to his Cousin Conway, as a piece of extravagant fun—"I lament living in so barbarous an age, when we are come to so little perfection in gardening. I am persuaded that, a hundred and fifty years hence, it will be as common to remove oaks a hundred and fifty years old, as it is now to transplant tulip roots."

However, Mr. Paxton *could* do without moving the venerable wood "on the shortest notice" (as if it had been converted into household furniture before its time). If the Park authorities preferred, he would clap the trees, all standing, under his great glass case.

But, alas! feasible as the plan appeared, it was not to be thought of. The fiat of the Building Committee has gone forth. This competition of architectural skill invited by the authorities had not produced one available design. The first exhibition of the Industry of the Architects of all Nations had been pronounced a failure; and the feet of the Building Committee having invited tenders for the construction of a design of its own, shut out fresh competitors.

One day, however—it was Friday, the fourteenth of June—Mr. Paxton happened to be in the House of Commons conversing on this subject with Mr. Ellis, a member of it, who accompanied him to the Board of Trade to see what could be done. Then nothing could be done; for Mr. Paxton (who is one of the busiest men in England—whose very leisure would kill a man of fashion with its hard work) was off immediately to keep a special appointment at the tubular bridge over the Menai. After his journey, the next morning, the conversation with his friend, the M. P., was clenched by another and more than usually powerful burst of thunder in that day's issue from Blackfriars. His mind was made up; "and," said the Duke of Devonshire, at a recent public meeting at Bakewell, "I never knew Mr. Paxton resolve to undertake what he did not fully accomplish." To have engagements for every day in the week in different parts of England and Ireland, together with the management of the estates at Chatsworth, did not much matter; there was still time to be found for concocting the plans and details of a few square acres of building. Tuesday morning, the eighteenth of June, found Mr. Paxton at Derby, seated—as Chairman of the Works and Ways Committee of the Midland Railway to try an offending pointsman. This was the first *leisure* moment he had been able to secure since he resolved to plan the great building. At the end of the table stood the culprit; and, upon it, before the Chairman, was invitingly spread a virgin sheet of blotting-paper. As each witness delivered his evidence, Mr. Paxton appeared to be taking notes with uncommon assiduity; and when the case closed, one of his colleagues turned specially to him, saying,

"As you seem to have noted down the whole of the evidence, we will take the decision from you."

"The truth is," whispered the Chairman, "I know all about this affair already, having accidentally learned every particular last night. *This*," he continued, holding up the paper, "is not a draft of the pointsman's case, but a design for the Great Industrial Building to be erected in Hyde Park."

The pointsman, was let off with a fine, and before evening the blotting-paper plan had found its way into Mr. Paxton's office at Chatsworth. By the help of that gentleman's ordinary assistants, elevations, sections, working details, and specifications were completed in ten days.

When he made his next appearance at the Derby station, at the end of that time, Mr. Paxton had the complete plans under his arm. There was not a minute to spare, for the train was on the point of starting, and the Royal Commissioners met the next morning; so, taking his dinner in his pocket, he entered a carriage. Here, to his extreme delight, he found one of the greatest and most influential engineers of the day—a member, moreover, of the Royal Commission—who was going to London by the same train.

"This is extraordinarily lucky!" he exclaimed; "for I want you to look over a few plans and a specification of mine."

Accordingly the plans were unrolled. "There they are," said the impromptu architect; "look them over, and see if they will do for the great Building for eighteen hundred and fifty-one!"

"For what?" asked the engineer, looking at his friend with the serio-comic suprise of incredulity.

"I am serious."

"But you are too late: the whole thing is settled and decided."

"Well just see what you think of them. I am very hungry, and if you will run them over while I eat my dinner, I'll not speak a word."

"Neither will I disturb *you*, for I *must* light a cigar;" and in spite of every regulation in that case made and provided, the engineer began to smoke.

There was a dead taciturnity; the Royal Commissioner went over the plans slowly and carefully; their originator narrowly watching their effect on his mind. It was an anxious moment for the one; for upon the opinion of the other no little depended. At first there was not much to augur from. The drawings were scanned with no more than business-like attention. No word of commendation was uttered; no sign of pleasure or surprise appeared. The smoke rose in regular wreaths; but presently, they grew fainter and more intermittent, and by-and-by the cigar went out; yet the suction was continued as vigorously as ever. The projector's hopes rose; his friend's attention was evidently drawn into a vortex, for he went on during twenty minutes puffing away at the effete weed, quite unconscious that it was extinguished! At length, gathering the unrolled papers up in a bundle, he threw them into the opposite seat, exclaiming—"Wonderful!—worthy of the magnificence of Chatsworth!—a thousand times better than anything that has been brought before us! What a pity they were not prepared earlier!"

"Will you lay them before the Royal Commission?"

"I will."

The value of this promise and of the favorable expression of opinion which would doubtless accompany it performance, will be best understood when we divulge to the reader (without, we trust, any breach of confidence) that the gentleman who made it was Mr. Robert Stephenson.

The next day fills a melancholy page in English history. It was Saturday, the twenty-ninth of June. The Royal Commission met, headed by Prince Albert. After the regular business of the board was over, the Prince and Sir Robert Peel retired to one of the bay windows, and were some time engaged in earnest conversation. Mr. Stephenson's time was precious, for he had an appointment elsewhere. He was, in short, obliged to depart without an opportunity of placing Mr. Paxton's plans before his colleagues and the Prince. He delegated that office, however, to an able hand, Mr. Scott Russell, one of the Secretaries of the Commission.

Both Prince Albert and Sir Robert Peel gave great attention to the drawings, and the Prince signified his wish that Mr. Paxton should wait upon him at Buckingham Palace, to explain the details. Sir Robert Peel greatly admired the design for its unity and simplicity; remarking with pleasure, that if it were accepted, it would occasion the first great operation in glass since the introduction of his own new tariff. Alas! this was the latest connected remark which that great statesman was destined to utter. He almost immediately left Westminster Palace on horseback for an airing, was thrown on Constitution Hill, and three days afterwards had ceased to exist.

The Paxton scheme was referred to the Building Committee; which, in the regular routine of business, could not entertain it, having rejected all the designs it had invited for competition, and having devised a plan of its own. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Paxton determined to appeal to a tribunal which (to borrow the tag of most modern comedies) is "never sought in vain;" namely, to the British public! This he did by the aid of the woodcuts and pages of the "London Illustrated News." Never was an appeal more promptly or satisfactorily answered! The practicability, the simplicity, and beauty of the scheme convinced every member of the many-headed court of appeal of its efficacy.

Meanwhile the projector of the building waited on the projector of the entire Exhibition, Prince Albert, on another memorable morning—that of the Christening day of Prince Patrick. What passed need not be divulged; but for the oncouragement vouchsafed, added to the expression of public opinion daily gathering strength, induced Mr. Paxton to decide on procuring a tender to be sent in to the Building Committee for his design. He therefore went straight to the Messrs. Fox and Henderson, and these gentlemen immediately engaged to prepare a tender. It happened that the Building Committee in their advertisement had invited the candidates for raising *their* edifice, to suggest any improvements in it that may occur to them. This opened a crevice, into which Merrrs. Fox and Henderson were able to thrust their tender for Mr. Paxton's plan. Seeing at once it was, of all other plans, *the* plan—the supreme desideratum—they tendered for it as an "improvement" on the Committee's design.

Here a new and formidable difficulty arose. It was now Saturday, and only a few days more were allowed for receiving tenders. Yet before an approximate estimate of expense could be formed, the great glass manufacturers and iron masters of the north had to be consulted. This happened to be *dies mirabilis* the third, for it was the identical Saturday on which the Sunday postal question had reached its crisis; and there was to be no delivery next day! But in a country of electric telegraphs? and of indomitable energy, time and difficulties are annihilated, and it is not the least of the marvels wrought in connexion with the great edifice, that by the aid of railway parcels and the electric telegraph, not only did all the gentlemen summoned out of Warwickshire and Staffordshire appear on Monday morning at Messrs. Fox and Henderson's Office, in Spring Gardens, London, to contribute their several estimates to the tender for the whole; but, within a week, the contractors had prepared every detailed working drawing, and had calculated the cost of every pound of iron, of every inch of wood, and of every pane of glass.

There is no one circumstance in the history of the manufacturing enterprise of the English nation which places in so strong a light as this its boundless resources in materials, to say nothing of the arithmetical skill in computing at what cost, and in how short a time, those materials could be converted to a special purpose. What was done in those few days? Two parties in London relying on the accuracy and good faith of certain iron-masters, glass workers in the provinces, and of one master carpenter in London, bound themselves for a certain sum of money, and in the course of some four months, to cover eighteen acres of ground, with a building upwards of a third of a mile long (1851 feet—the exact date of the year), and some four hundred and fifty feet broad. In order to do this, the glass-maker promised to supply in the required time, nine hundred thousand square feet of glass, (weighing more than four hundred tons) in separate panes, and these the largest that ever were made of sheet glass; each being forty-nine inches long. The iron-master passed his word in like manner to cast in due time three thousand three hundred iron columns, varying from fourteen and a half feet to twenty feet in length; thirty-four *miles* of guttering tube to join every individual column together under the ground: two thousand two hundred and twenty-four girders (but some of these are of wrought iron); besides eleven hundred and twenty-eight bearers for supporting galleries. The carpenter undertook to get ready within the specified period two hundred and five *miles* of sash-bar; flooring for an area of thirty-three millions of cubic feet; besides enormous quantities of wooden walling, louvre work, and partition.*

It is not till we reflect on the vast sums of money involved in transactions of this magnitude, that we can form even a slight notion of the great, almost ruinous, loss a trifling arithmetical error would have occasioned, and of the boundless confidence the parties must have had in their resources and in the correctness of their computations. Nevertheless it was one great merit in Mr. Paxtop's original details of measurement, that they were contrived to facilitate calculation. Everything in the great building is a dividend or multiple of *twenty-four*. The internal columns are placed twenty-four feet apart, while the external ones have no more than eight feet (a third of twenty-four) of separation; while the distance between each of the transcept columns is three times twenty-four, or seventy-two feet. This also is the width of the middle aisle of the building; the side aisles are forty-eight feet wide, and the galleries and corridors twenty-four. Twenty-four feet is also the distance between each of the transverse gutters under the roof; hence, the intervening bars, which are at once rafters and gutters, are, necessarily, twenty-four feet long.

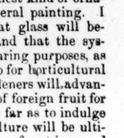
There was little time for consideration, or for setting right a single mistake, were it ever so disastrous. On the prescribed day the tender was presented, with whatever imperfections it might have had, duly and irredeemably sealed. But after-checkings have divulged no material error. The result was, that Messrs. Fox and Henderson's offer for erecting the Paxton edifice proved to be the lowest practicable tender that was submitted to the Building Committee.

The public have long known what followed: Mr. Paxton's Glazed Palace was eventually chosen unanimously; not only by the Building Committee, but by the Royal Commission. Some modifications were, however, adopted. It was decided that the most revered of the trees were to be admitted into the Industrial building; and the centrai transept—the apex of whose curvilinear roof is one hundred and twelve feet from the ground—was contrived by Mr. Paxton for their inclosure. In August the space in Hyde Park was boarded in; and the first castings for the iron colums were delivered on the fourteenth of September. Yet, when these pages meet the reader's eye, the cheapest, most gigantic and substantial structure ever dreamt of, will be nearly ready for decoration.

If for nothing else, this tremendous pile of transparency is astounding—for its cheapness. It is actually less costly than an agricultural barn or an Irish cabin! A division of its superfices in cubic feet by the sums to be paid for it, brings out the astonishing quotient, of little more than one half-penny (nine-sixteenths of a penny) per cubic foot; supposing it to be taken down and returned to the contractors when the Exhibition is over. Or, if it remain a fixture, the rate of cost will be rather less than a penny and one-twelfth of a penny per cubic foot. The ordinary expense of a barn is more than twice as much, or two-pence half-penny per foot. Here are the figures: The entire edifice contains thirty-three millions of cubic feet. If borrowed and taken down, the sum to be paid is seventy-nine thousand eight hundred pounds: if bought, to become a winter garden, one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

The smallness of cost is due to the principle we have previously explained, of each component of the building being endowed with more than one purpose. The six rows of columns are, as had been already said, not only props but drains. They are hollow, and into them the glass roof will deliver its collections of water. In the base of each column is inserted a horizontal iron pipe to conduct the drainage into the sewers. These strong tubes serve also as foundation; they are links that connect the whole of the three thousand three hundred uprights together. At the top, each column is fastened to its opposite associate by a girder, run up by means of a pole and pully in a few minutes; and, once fastened, no other scaffolding is requisite for the roof which it supports. Thus, by means of the iron pipes below, and the iron girders above, the eighteen acres of structure is held from end to end so compact and fast that it becomes an enormous hollow, as immovable as if it were, instead, a solid cube dropped down beside Rotten Row by a gang of Titans.

The roofs—of which there are five, one to each aisle or corridor, the highest in the middle—play many parts. They are windows, light and heat adjusters, rain conductors outside, and condensed moisture ducts within. They are interminable rows of roofing, so placed as to form in the aggregate a plane; in other words, they are parallel rows of the letter V done in glass, in endless ridges "long drawn out," thus: \/\/\/ The apex of each "ridge" is a wooden sash bar, with notches on either side for holding the sloping laths in which are fitted the edges of the glass. The bottom or "furrow" bar—otherwise a rafter—is hollowed in the middle, to form a gutter, into which every drop of rain glides down from the glass, and passes through the transverse gutters into the hollow columns. These longitudinal gutters are formed at the tops of the girders; for the roof is self-supporting. This is not all: in converting a conservatory for plants into a resort for breathing beings, and a depot for articles emphatically "to be kept dry:" internal as well as external moisture must be drawn off: the breath of myriads of visitors, condensed against the glass, would otherwise return in continual Scotch mists. That difficulty partly dictated the A-like form of the ceiling. Mr. Paxton ascertained that vapors ascending to glass inclined to a slope of one foot in two feet and a half, do not condense in seperate drops and descend again, but slide down over the smooth surface. To receive them, therefore, he grooves each rafter under the inside of the glazing, into these grooves the condensed breath of "all nations" will fall and be conveyed into the transverse gutters; thence through the colums into the jurisdiction of their honors the Commissioners of Sewers. We subjoin a section of the rafter, to show the "Paxton gutter," and to clench our explanation: A is the external gutter, B B the frames of the glass, C C the internal ducts. These ingenious rafters are cut out of solid wood, in a machine (invented by the inventor of all the rest), with incredible rapidity. In order that there may be a fall for the water to run off, each rafter is slightly curved; and, to correct warping, a rod of iron, with nuts and screws at each end, forms the string of the bow, so as to regulate its deflexion. For this ingenious expedient Mr. Paxton has taken out a patent.



We must now give proof that the floor is a ventilator and a dust trap. It is laid four feet above the sward of the park. A series of subterranean lungs are thus provided, and air is admitted to them, by means of louares, fixed in the outer walling of the building. These being made to open and shut like Venitian blinds, will admit much or little air, which gently passes through the seams of the open flooring, and circulates over the building. Finally, through the openiugs of the floor, the daily accumulations of dust will be swept into the space below by a machine, which Mr. Paxton has invented for that purpose.

Enough has now been said to indicate rather than to describe how each part of the building "plays many parts," and how, consequently, incalculable saving has been effected in time and money. It is hardly necessary to repeat, that the interior of the edifice is the most expansive covered space in the world. That some idea may be formed of the excess of its capacity, we may mention, that the largest covered are in England is believed to be that of the Ravenhead Glass Works, at St. Helen's, in Lancashire, where the space roofed in is three hundred and thirty-nine feet, by one hundred and five feet, or not one quarter so large as that section of Hyde Park which Mr. Paxton has glazed over.

That a Palatial Exhibition building, providing a total exhibition surface of twenty-two acres, and affording space for *nine miles* of tables, shall have been put up in four months, for less than a penny farthing a cubic foot, would in itself make 1851 famous in the history of enterprise, if nothing else were to happen to stamp it as pre-eminently "The Industrial Year." From it will at least be dated a new era in building. In a communication from Mr. Paxton himself, which we are permitted to quote, he says:

"When I consider the cheapness of glass and cast-iron, and the great facility with which they can be used, I have no doubt that many structures, similar to that at Darley,* will be attached to dwelling-houses, where they may serve as sitting-rooms, conservatories, waiting-rooms, or omnibus-rooms, if I may be allowed the expression." I am now, in fact, engaged in making the design for a gentleman's house to be covered wholly with glass; and when we consider that wherever lead is now used, glass may with equal propriety be substituted, I have every hope that it will be used for buildings of various conditions and character. Structures of this kind are also susceptible of the highest kind of ornamentation in stained glass and general painting. I am not without hope, however, that glass will become almost universal in its use, and that the system will be extended for manufacturing purposes, as well as general cemeteries, and also for horticultural buildings, so that even market-gardeners will advantageously apply it, in the growing of foreign fruit for the London markets. I even go so far as to indulge in the sanguine hope that agriculture will be ultimately benefitted by the application of cast-iron and glass. In short, there is no limit to the uses to which they may be applied; and we may congratulate ourselves, that in the nineteenth century the progress of science, and the spirit of manufacturers, have placed at our disposal the application of materials which were unknown to the ancients, and thereby enabled us to erect such structures as would have been deemed impossible, even in the early part of the present century."

*A conservatory on the new plan, attached to a house of Mr. Paxton's, in Derbyshire.

*The quantities and dimensions here quoted are those of the building as it now stands. They differ but slightly from Mr. Paxton's original specifications.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

——In the churchyard of West Alvington, near Exeter, (says the *London Weekly News*) there is a tombstone bearing the following rugged but suggestive inscription:—

"This young man when on his sick bed he lay,
Did for the minister send, that he would by him pray,
But he would not attend;
And when the young man buried was,
He did him in to church admit
That he might money get."

——Childhood in France.—I observed some French children—the very small ones, fantastically dressed up as playthings, seemed petted, caressed, and spoiled; but the elder ones, from six to sixteen, looked care-worn, conceited, independent, and miserable. Everything is gay in Paris but childhood. Old age is gay, pleasantly so, even when fantastically so; and death itself is tricked out in garlands, and "turned to favor and to prettiness." Why, then, are the children so joyless? It cannot be that they are too harshly restrained, or ruled by fear; for a cruel discipline is no part of the French character, or the French educationol practice; on the contrary, a French boy soon becomes his own master, and studies or lounges as he pleases. Is it not that there are no firesides—no homes? It seems a fine independent thing for a Parisian shopkeeper to dispense with the plague of domestic servants—take every day with his wife, the freedom of the *restaurant* and the *cafe*; and when he shuts up his shop, leave it to the care of itself, while he lounges, or dances, or smokes, or reads a journal, or does all these in some public garden—or better than all, goes to the play. But the pleasures and comforts of children are of home growth, and require a home shelter. They are here only sad, wearied, wondering spectators of the ga